

THE PROPERTY OF

Samuel Schreiner.

No. 36.

'Non multa sed multum'

selected.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

What has this woman been doing,
So long since the morning begun?
I don't believe she can remember
One-half of the work she has done.

Dressing the dear little baby,
Combing his soft, silken hair,
Putting him back in the cradle
To sleep and grow healthy and fair.

Doing the work in the kitchen,
Just what it happens to be,
Covering books for the school-room,
Ready for callers at three.

Mending and making and chatting,
Two or three children to teach,
If not the primer's first lesson,
Methods no others can preach.

That's what this woman's been doing;
Day after day 'tis the same;
Angels, O watch and defend her—
"Mother"—for that is her name.

Paris in the Morning.

A MEMOIR OF THE LIFE

OF

THE LATE ROBERT BURNS.

BIOGRAPHY is, in some instances, the most trifling and contemptible, in others, the most interesting and instructive of all the species of literary composition. It would be difficult to persuade one's self to agree with several late historians of the lives of poets, philosophers, and statesmen, that the mere, industrious accumulation of dates, and ~~witricies~~ of character were displays of ~~peculiarities~~ or of obscure events by which the habits of feeling, thought, or action, were in no way remarkably influenced; can deserve to be ambitiously studied, or admired, as the perfection of Biographical writing. The following memoir of the life of our Author, a GREAT MAN, *solely* of GOD ALMIGHTY MAKING *such*; has been composed under the direction of a very different, although perhaps not a more correct, critical principle. If, however, this principle be just, it is the proper business of the biographer

pher, to trace the gradual developement of the Character and Talents of his Hero, with all the changes which these undergo, from the influence of external circumstances, between the cradle and the grave; and at the same time, to record all the eminent efforts which the display of that character, and the exercise of those talents have produced upon nature and on human society, in the sphere within which they were exhibited and employed. The writer's wishes will be amply gratified, if this trifling shall be found to afford any exposition of the nicer laws of the formation and progress of human character, such as shall not be scorned as *data* by the moral philosopher, or as facts to enlighten his imitations, by the dramatist; if it shall be received by the world in general, as an ~~ous~~ though humble tribute to the merits of illustrious ~~the candid and the good,~~ above all, if it shall be regarded by ~~the candid and the good,~~ as representing some details recommend that steady ~~VIRTY~~ ^{the} direct tendency is, to ~~gain~~ in all its omnipotence is soon reduced to paralytic imbecility, or to maniac mischievousness.

ROBERT BURNS was a native of *Ayrshire*, one of the western counties of *Scotland*. He was the son of humble parents—He was born about the year 1760. His father passed through life in the condition of a hired labourer, or a small farmer. ~~Given in this situation, it was not hard for him to~~ send his children to the parish school, to receive the ordinary

ordinary instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic, and the principles of religion. By such a course of education, young ROBERT profited to a degree that might have encouraged his friends to destine him to one of the liberal professions, had not his father's poverty made it necessary to remove him from the school, as soon as he had grown up, to earn for himself the means of support, as a plough-boy or a shepherd.

THE establishment of PARISH-SCHOOLS—but for which, perhaps, the infant energies of this young genius might never have received that first impulse by which alone they were to be excited into action; is one of the most beneficial that have been ever instituted in any country; and one that, I believe, is no where so firmly fixed, or extended so completely throughout a whole kingdom, as in Scotland. Every parish has here a Schoolmaster, almost as invariably as it has a clergyman. For a sum rarely exceeding twenty pounds, in salary and fees, this person instructs the children of the parish in reading, writing, arithmetic, book-keeping, latin and greek. The Schoolmasters are generally students in philosophy or theology. Hence, the establishment of the parish-schools, besides their direct utilities, possesses also the accidental advantage of furnishing an excellent nursery of future candidates for the office of parochial clergymen. So small are the fees for teaching, that no parents, however poor, can want

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the means to give their children at least such education as young BURNS received. From the *spring* labours of a plough-boy, from the *summer* employment of a shepherd, the peasant-youth often returns, for a few months, eager to receive new instruction in the parish school.

IT was so with BURNS.—He returned from labour to learning, and from learning went again to labour; till his mind began to open to the charms of taste and knowledge; till he began to feel a passion for books and for the subjects of books, which was to give a colour to the whole thread of his future life. On nature, he soon began to gaze with new discernment, and with new enthusiasm. His mind's eye opened to perceive affecting beauty and sublimity, ~~the mere~~ the mere gross peasant, there was nought to be seen but water, earth, and sky, —but animals, plants, and soil: even as the eyes of the servant of Elisha were suddenly enlightened to behold his master and himself guarded from the Syrian bands, by horses and chariots of fire, to all but themselves, invisible.

WHAT might perhaps first contribute to dispose his mind to poetical efforts, is, a particular practice in the devotional piety of the Scottish peasantry. It is still common for them to make their children get by heart the psalms of David, in that version of homely rhymes, which is used in their churches. In the morning, and in the evening of every day; or, at least

least, on the evening of every Saturday and Sunday, these psalms are sung in solemn family-devotion, a chapter of the bible is read, an extemporary prayer is fervently uttered. The whole books of the sacred scriptures are continually in the hands of almost every peasant. And it is impossible, that there should not be occasionally some souls among them, awakened to the divine emotions of genius, by that rich assemblage which these books present, of almost all that is interesting in incidents, or picturesque in imagery, or affectingly sublime or tender in sentiments and character. It is impossible that these rude rhymes, and the simple artless music with which they are accompanied, should not occasionally excite some ear to a fond perception of the melody of verse.— That BURNS had felt these impulses, will appear undeniably certain to whoever shall carefully peruse his *Cottar's Saturday's Night*; or shall remark, with nice observation, the various fragments of *scripture* sentiment, of *scripture* imagery, of *scripture* language, which are scattered throughout his works.

STILL more interesting to the young peasantry, are those ancient ballads of love and war, of which a great number are yet popularly known and sung in Scotland. While the prevalence of the Gaelic language in the northern parts of this country, excluded from those regions the old Anglo-Saxon songs and minstrels: These songs and minstrels were, in the mean time, driven by the Norman conquests and establishments, out of the southern counties of Eng-

land; and were forced to wander, in exile, toward its northern confines, or even into the southern districts of the Scottish kingdom. Hence, in the old English songs, is every eminent bard still related to have been of the *north country*; but, on the contrary, in the old Scottish songs, it is always the *south country*, to which every favourite minstrel is said to belong. Both these expressions are intended to signify one district; a district comprehending precisely the southern counties of Scotland, with the most northern counties of England. In the south of Scotland, almost all the best of those ballads are still often sung by the rustic maid or matron at her spinning-wheel. They are listened to, with ravished ears, by old and young. Their rude melody; that mingled curiosity and awe, which are naturally excited by the very idea of their antiquity; the exquisitely tender and natural complaints sometimes poured forth in them; the gallant deeds of knightly heroism, which they sometimes celebrate; their wild tales of demons, ghosts, and fairies, in whose existence superstition alone has believed; the manners which they represent; the obsolete, yet picturesque and expressive language in which they are often clothed; give them wonderful power to transport every imagination, and to agitate every heart. To the soul of Burns, they were like a happy breeze touching the strings of an Æolian harp, and calling forth the most ravishing melody.

BESIDE all this, the *Gentle Shepherd*, and the other poems of *Alan Ramsay*, have long been highly popular in Scotland. They fell early into the hands of BURNS. And while the fond applause which they received, drew his emulation; they presented to him likewise treasures of phraseology, and models of versification. *Ruddiman's weekly Magazine* was, during this time, published; was supported chiefly by the original communications of correspondents, and found a very extensive sale. In it, BURNS read, particularly, the poetry of *Robert Ferguson*, written chiefly in the Scottish dialect, and exhibiting many specimens of uncommon poetical excellence. The *SEASONS* of *Thomson*, too; the *GRAVE* of *Blair*; the far fam'd *ELEGY* of *Gray*; the *PARADISE LOST* of *Milton*; the wild strains of *Offian*; perhaps the *MINSTREL* of *Beattie*, were so commonly read, even among those with whom BURNS would naturally associate, that poetical curiosity, although less ardent than his, could, in such circumstances, have little difficulty in procuring them.

WITH such means to give his imagination a poetical bias, and to favour the culture of his taste and genius, BURNS gradually became a poet. He was not one of those forward children, who, from a mistaken impulse, begin prematurely to write and to rhyme, and hence, never attain to excellence. Con-
versing familiarly for a long while, with the works

those poets who were known to him ; contemplating the aspect of nature, in a district which exhibits an uncommon assemblage of the beautiful and the ruggedly grand, of the cultivated and the wild. Looking upon human life with an eye quick and keen, to remark, as well the stronger and leading, as the nicer and subordinate features of character. It was thus that he slowly and unconsciously acquired a poetical temper of soul, and a poetic cast of thought. He was distinguished among his fellows, for extraordinary intelligence, good sense, and penetration, long ere they suspected him to be capable of writing verses. His mind was mature, and well stored with such knowledge as lay within his reach ; he had made himself master of powers of language, superior to those of almost any former writer in the Scottish dialect, before he conceived the idea of surpassing *Ramsay* and *Ferguson*.

IN the mean time, beside the studious bent of his genius, there were other features in his opening character, which might seem to mark him for a poet. He began early in life to regard with sullen disdain and aversion, all that was sordid in the pursuits and interests of the peasants among whom he was placed. He became discontented with the humble labours to which he saw himself confined, and with the poor subsistence that was all he could earn by them. He was excited to look upon the rich and great, whom he saw around him, with an emotion between envy and contempt ; as if something had still whispered to
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his heart, that there was injustice in the ext^{or in} equality between his fate and theirs. While ^{each} emotions arose in his mind, he conceived an inclination—very common among the young men of the more uncultivated parts of Scotland—to go abroad to *America* or the *West Indies*, in quest of a better fortune. His heart was, at the same time, expanded with passionate ardour, to meet the impressions of love and *friendship*. With several of the young peasantry, who were his fellows in labour, he contracted an affectionate intimacy. He eagerly sought admission into the brotherhood of *free-masons*; which is recommended to the young men of this country, by nothing so much as by its seeming to extend the sphere of agreeable acquaintance, and to knit closer the bonds of friendly endearment. In some *Mason Lodges* in his neighbourhood, *BURNS* had soon the fortune, whether good or bad, to gain the notice of several gentlemen who were better able than his fellow-peasants, to estimate the true value of such a mind as his. One or two of them might be men of convivial dispositions, and of religious notions rather licentious than narrow; who encouraged his talents, by occasionally inviting him to be the companion of their looser hours; and who were at times not ill pleased to direct the force of his wit and humour against those sacred things which they affected outwardly to despise as mere *bugbears*, while perhaps they could not help inwardly trembling before them as realities. For a while, the native recti-
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tude of his understanding, and the excellent principles in which his infancy had been educated, withstood every temptation to intemperance or impiety.—Alas! was not always so. He was even in the first years of his rising youth, an ardent lover: feeling the passion, not affected, light, and sportive; but solemn, anxious, fervent, absorbing the whole soul; such as it is described by RHOMSON in his enrapturing poem on *Spring*. When his heart was first struck by the charms of village beauty; the LOVE he felt was pure, tender, and sincere, as that of the youth and maiden in his own *Cottar's Saturday's Night*. If the ardour of his passion hurried him afterwards to triumph over the chastity of the maid he loved; the tenderness of his heart, the manly honesty of his soul, soon made him offer, with eager solicitude, to repair by marriage, the injury of love.

ABOUT this time, in the progress of his life and character, did he first begin to be publicly distinguished as a POET. A *masonic* song, a satirical epigram, a rhyming epistle to a friend, attempted with success; taught him to know his own powers, and gave him confidence to try tasks more arduous, and which should command still higher applause. The annual celebration of the *Sacrament of the Lord's Supper*, in the rural parishes of Scotland, has much in it of those old *Papist* festivals, in which superstition, traffic, and amusement, used to be strangely intermingled. BURNS saw, and seized, in it, one of the happiest of all subjects, to afford scope for the display

display—of that strong and piercing sagacity by which he could almost intuitively distinguish the reasonable from the absurd, and the becoming from the ridiculous;—of that picturesque power of fancy, which enabled him to represent scenes, and persons, and groupes, and looks, and attitudes, and gestures, in a manner almost as lively and impressive, even in words, as if all the artifices and energies of the pencil had been employed;—of that knowledge which he had necessarily acquired of the manners, passions, and prejudices of the rustics around him, of whatever was ridiculous, no less than of whatever was affectingly beautiful, in rural life. A thousand prejudices of *Papists*, and perhaps too, of ruder *Pagan* superstition, have from time immemorial, been connected in the minds of the Scottish peasantry, with the annual recurrence of the *Eve of the Festival of all the Saints*, or *Hallowe'en*. These were all intimately known to BURNS, and had made a powerful impression upon his imagination and feelings. Choosing them for the subject of a poem, he produced a piece, which is, almost to frenzy, the delight of those who are best acquainted with its subject; and which will not fail to preserve the memory of the prejudices and usages which it describes, when they shall, perhaps, have ceased to give one merry evening in the year to the cottage fire-side. The simple joys, the honest love, the sincere friendship, the ardent devotion of the cottage;—whatever in the more solemn part of the rustic's life is humble and artless,

artless, without being mean or unseemly; or tender and dignified, without aspiring to tilted grandeur, or to unnatural, baskined pathos; had deeply impressed the imagination of the rising poet; had in some sort wrought itself into the very texture of the fibres of his soul. He tried to express in verse what he most tenderly felt, what he most enthusiastically imagined—and composed the *Gottar's Saturday's Night*.

THESE pieces, the true effusions of genius, informed by reading and observation, and prompted by its own native ardour, as well as by friendly applause; were soon communicated from one to another among the most discerning of BURNS' acquaintance; and were, by every new reader, perused and re-perused with an eagerness of delight and approbation, which would not suffer him long to withhold them from the press. A *subscription* was proposed; was earnestly promoted by some gentlemen, who were glad to interest themselves in behalf of such signal poetical merit; was soon crowded with the names of a considerable number of the inhabitants of Ayrshire; who, in the proffered purchase, sought not less to gratify their own passion for *Scottish* poetry, than to encourage the wonderful ploughman. At the manufacturing village of *Kilmarnock*, were the poems of BURNS, for the first time, printed. The whole edition was quickly distributed over the country.

THEY were every where received with eager admiration and delight. They eminently possessed all those qualities which never fail to render any literary work quickly and permanently popular. They were written in a phraseology, of which all the powers were universally felt ; and which, being at once, *antique, familiar, and now rarely written*, was hence fitted for all the dignified and picturesque uses of poetry, without being disagreeably obscure. The imagery, and the sentiments, were, at once, faithfully natural, and irresistibly impressive and interesting. Those topics of satire and scandal in which the rustic delights ; that *humorous* imitation of character, and that *witty* association of ideas familiar and striking but not naturally allied to one another, which have force to shake his sides with laughter ; those fancies of superstition at which he still wonders and trembles ; those affecting sentiments and images of true religion, which are at once dear and awful to his heart ; were all represented by BURNS with all a poet's magic power. Old and young, high and low, grave and gay, learned or ignorant, all were alike delighted, agitated, transported. I was at that time resident in *Galloway*, contiguous to *Ayrshire* : and I can well remember, how that even plough-boys and maid-servants would have gladly bestowed the wages which they earned the most hardly, and which they wanted to purchase necessary cloathing, if they might but procure the works of BURNS. A copy happened to be presented from a gentleman in *Ayrshire* to a friend

friend in my neighbourhood. He put it into my hands, as a work containing some effusions of the most extraordinary genius. I took it, rather that I might not disoblige the lender, than from any ardour of curiosity or expectation. "An unlettered ploughman, a poet!" said I, with contemptuous incredulity. "It was on a Saturday evening. I opened the volume, by accident, while I was undressing, to go to bed. I closed it not, till a late hour on the rising Sunday morn, after I had read over every syllable it contained. And,

Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis!

VIRG. EC. 7.

IN the mean time, some few copies of these fascinating poems found their way to Edinburgh: and one was communicated to the late amiable and ingenious DR. THOMAS BLACKLOCK. There was, perhaps, never one among all mankind whom you might more truly have called *an angel upon earth* than DR. BLACKLOCK! He was guileless and innocent as a child, yet endowed with manly sagacity and penetration. His heart was a perpetual spring of overflowing benignity. His feelings were all tremblingly alive to the sense of the sublime, the beautiful, the tender, the pious, the virtuous. Poetry was to him the dear solace of perpetual blindness. Cheerfulness, even to gaiety, was, notwithstanding that irremediable misfortune under which he laboured, long the predominant colour of his mind. In his latter years, when the gloom might otherwise have thickened around

round him, hope, faith, devotion the most fervent and sublime, exalted his mind to Heaven, and made him still maintain much of his wonted cheerfulness in the expectation of a speedy dissolution.

THIS amiable man of genius read the poems of BURNS with a nice perception, with a keenly impassioned feeling of all their beauties. Amid that tumult of emotions of benevolence, curiosity, and admiration, which were thus excited in his bosom; he eagerly addressed some encouraging verses to the rustic bard; which, conveying the praises of a poet, and a judge of poetical composition; were much more grateful to BURNS, than any applauses he had before received from others. It was BLACKLOCK's invitation that finally determined him to abandon his first intentions of going abroad to the West Indies; and rather to repair to Edinburgh, with his book, in hopes, there to find some powerful patron, and, perhaps, to make his fortune by his poetry.

IN the beginning of the winter 1786-87, BURNS came to Edinburgh. By DR. BLACKLOCK he was received with the most flattering kindness; and was earnestly introduced to every person of taste and generosity among the good old man's friends. It was little BLACKLOCK had in his power to do, for a brother poet. But that little he did with a fond alacrity, and with a modest grace, which made it ten times more pleasing, and more effectually useful to him, in whose favour it was exercised, than even the

very same services would have been from almost any other benefactor. Others soon interposed to share with BLACKLOCK in the honour of patronizing BURNS. He had brought, from his Ayrshire friends, some letters of commendation. Some of his rural acquaintances, coming, as well as himself, to Edinburgh for the winter, did him what offices of kindness they conveniently could. Those very few, who possessed at once true taste and ardent philanthropy, were soon earnestly united in his praise. They who were disposed to favour any good thing belonging to Scotland, purely because it was Scottish, gladly joined the cry. Those who had hearts and understandings to be charmed, without knowing why, when they saw their native customs, manners, and language, made the subjects and the materials of poetry, could not suppress that voice of feeling which struggled to declare itself for BURNS. For the dissipated, the licentious, the malignant wits, and the free-thinkers, he was so unfortunate as to have satire, and obscenity, and ridicule of things sacred, sufficient to captivate their fancies. Even for the pious, he had passages in which the inspired language of devotion might seem to come mended from his tongue. And then, to charm those whom nought can charm—but wonders; whose taste leads them to admire only such things as a juggler eating fire; a person who can converse as if his organs of speech were in his belly; a lame sailor writing with his toes, for want of fingers; a peer or a ploughman making verses;

ses; a small coal-man directing a concert;—why, to those people, the Ayrshire poet might seem precisely one of the most wonderful of the wonders after which they were wont to gape. Thus did BURNS, ere he had been many weeks in Edinburgh, find himself the object of universal curiosity, favour, admiration, and fondness. He was sought after, courted with attentions the most respectful and assiduous, feasted, flattered, caressed by all ranks, as the first boast of our country; whom it was scarcely possible to honour and reward to a degree equal to his merits. In comparison with the general favour which now promised to more than crown his most sanguine hopes, it could hardly be called *praise* at all, which he had obtained in Ayrshire.

IN this posture of our poet's affairs, a new edition of his poems was earnestly called for. He sold the copy-right to MR. CREECH, for one hundred pounds. But, his friends, at the same time, suggested, and actively promoted a *subscription* for an edition to be published for the benefit of the author, ere the bookseller's right should commence. Those gentlemen who had formerly entertained the public of Edinburgh with the periodical publication of the papers of the MIRROR; having again combined their talents in producing the LOUNGER; were, at this time, about to conclude this last series of papers. Yet, before the LOUNGER relinquished his pen, he dedicated a number to a commendatory criticism of the

the poems of the Ayrshire Bard. That criticism is now known to have been composed by HENRY MACKENZIE, ESQ.; whose writings are universally admired for an ADDISONIAN delicacy and felicity of wit and humour, by which the CLIO of the SPECTATOR is more than rivalled; for a wildly tender pathos that excites the most exquisite vibrations of the finest chords of sympathy in the human heart; for a lofty, vehement, persuasive eloquence, by which the immortal JUNIUS has been sometimes perhaps excelled, and often almost equalled! The subscription-papers were rapidly filled. The ladies, especially, vied with one another—who should be the first to subscribe, who should procure the greatest number of other subscribers, for the poems of a bard who was now, for some moments, the idol of fashion. The *Caledonian Hunt*, a gay club, composed of the most opulent and fashionable young men in Scotland, professed themselves the patrons of the Scottish poet, and eagerly encouraged the proposed republication of his poems. Six shillings were all the subscription money demanded for each copy. But many voluntarily paid half a guinea, a guinea, or two guineas. And it was supposed that the poet might derive from the subscription, and the sale of his copy-right, a clear profit of, at least, seven hundred pounds; a sum that, to a man who had hitherto lived in his indigent circumstances, would be absolutely more than the vainly expected wealth of Sir Epicure Mammon!

BURNS, in the mean time, led a life differing from that of his original condition in Ayrshire, almost as widely as differed the scenes and amusements of London, to which OMIAH was introduced, under the patronage of the Earl of SANDWICH, from those to which he had been familiar in the Friendly Isles. The conversation of even the most eminent authors, is often found to be so unequal to the fame of their writings, that he who *read* with admiration, can *listen* with none but sentiments of the most profound contempt. But the conversation of BURNS was, in comparison with the *formal* and *exterior* circumstances of his education, perhaps even more wonderful than his poetry. He affected no soft airs, no graceful motions of politeness, which might have ill accorded with the rustic plainness of his native manners. Conscious superiority of mind taught him to associate with the great, the learned, and the gay, without being over-awed into any such bashfulness as might have made him confused in thought, or hesitating in elocution. He possessed, what, an extraordinary share of plain common sense, or *mother-wit*, which prevented him from obtruding upon persons, of whatever rank, with whom he was admitted to converse, any of those effusions of vanity, envy or self-conceit, in which authors are exceedingly apt to indulge, who have lived remote from the general practice of life, and whose minds have been almost exclusively confined to contemplate their own studies and their own works. In conversation he displayed
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a kind of intuitive quickness and rectitude of judgment upon every subject that arose. The sensibility of his heart, and the vivacity of his fancy, gave a rich colouring to whatever reasoning he was disposed to advance; and his language in common discourse, was not at all less happy than in his writings. For these reasons, he did not cease to please immediately after he had been once seen. Those who had met and conversed with him once, were pleased to meet and converse with him again and again. I remember, that the late DR. ROBERTSON once observed to me, that he had scarcely ever met with any man whose conversation discovered greater vigour and activity of mind than did that of BURNS. Every one wondered that the rustic bard was not *spoiled* by so much caressing, favour and flattery as he found: and every one went on to *spoil* him, by continually repeating all these, as if with an obstinate resolution that they should, in the end, produce their effect. Nothing, however, of change in his manners, appeared, at least for a while,—to shew that this was at all likely to happen. He indeed, maintained himself with considerable spirit, upon a footing of equality with all with whom he had occasion to associate or converse. Yet he never arrogated any superiority, save what the fair and manly exertion of his powers, at the time, could undeniably command. Had he but been able to give a steady preference to the society of the virtuous, the learned, and the wise, rather than to that of the gay and the dissolute; it
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is probable that he could not have failed to rise to an exaltation of character and of talents fitted to do high honour to human nature.

UNFORTUNATELY, however, that happened which was natural in those unaccustomed circumstances in which BURNS found himself placed. He could not assume enough of superciliousness, to reject the familiarity of all those who, without any sincere kindness for him, importunately pressed to obtain his acquaintance and intimacy. He was insensibly led to associate less with the learned, the austere, and the rigorously temperate, than with the young, with the votaries of intemperate joys, with persons to whom he was recommended chiefly by licentious wit, and with whom he could not long associate without sharing in the excesses of their debauchery. Even in the country, men of this sort had begun to fasten on him, and to seduce him to embellish the gross pleasures of their looser hours with the charms of his wit and fancy. And yet, I have been informed by MR. ARTHUR BRUCE, a gentleman of great worth and discernment, to whom BURNS was, in his earlier days, well known; that he had, in those times, seen the poet steadily resist such solicitations and allurements to excess in convivial enjoyment, as scarcely any other person could have withstood. But, the enticements of pleasure too often unman our virtuous resolution, even while we wear the air of rejecting them with a stern brow.

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We resist, and resist, and resist ; but, at last, suddenly turn and passionately embrace the enchantress. The *bucks* of Edinburgh accomplished, in regard to BURNS, that in which the *boors* of Ayrshire had failed. After residing some months in Edinburgh, he began to estrange himself, not altogether, but in some measure, from the society of his graver friends. Too many of his hours were now spent at the tables of persons who delighted to urge conviviality to drunkenness, in the tavern, in the brothel, on the lap of the woman of pleasure. He *sifted* himself to be surrounded by a race of miserable beings who were proud to tell ; that they had been in company with BURNS ; and had seen BURNS as loose and as foolish as themselves. He was not yet irrecoverably lost to temperance and moderation ; but he was already almost too much captivated with their wanton rivals, to be ever more won back to a faithful attachment to *their* more sober charms. He now also began to contract something of new arrogance in conversation. Accustomed to be, among his favourite associates, what is vulgarly but expressively called, *the cock of the company* ; he could scarcely refrain from indulging in similar freedom and dictatorial decision of talk, even in the presence of persons who could less patiently endure his presumption.

THUS passed two winters, and an intervening summer, of the life of BURNS. The subscription-edition of his poems, in the mean time, appeared ;
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and, although not enlarged beyond that which came from the *Kilmarnock* press, by many new pieces of eminent merit, did not fail to give entire satisfaction to the subscribers. He at one time, during this period, accompanied, for a few weeks, into *Berwickshire*, ROBERT AINSLIE, Esq.—a gentleman of the purest and most correct manners, who was accustomed sometimes to soothe the toils of a laborious profession, by an occasional converse with polite literature, and with general science. At another time, he wandered on a jaunt of four or five weeks, through the *Highlands*, in company with the late MR. WILLIAM NICHOL; a man who had been before, the companion and friend of DR. GILBERT STUART; who in vigour of intellect, and in wild, yet generous, impetuosity of passion, remarkably resembled both STUART and BURNS; who, for his skill and facility of Latin composition, was perhaps without a rival in Europe; whose virtues and genius were clouded by habits of Bacchanalian excess; whose latter years were vexatiously embittered by a contest with a person of far meaner talents, and narrower intelligence; who by the most unwearied and extraordinary professional toil, in the midst of as persevering dissipation, by which alone it was at any time interrupted, won and accumulated an honourable and sufficient competence for his family; and alas! who died, within these few weeks, of a jaundice, with a complication of other complaints, the effects of long-

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continued intemperance ! So much did the zeal of friendship, and the ambition of honest fame, predominate in NICHOL'S mind ; that he was, in his last hours, exceedingly pained by the thought that since he had survived BURNS, there remained none who might rescue his mixed character from misrepresentation, and might embalm his memory in never-dying verse !

IN their excursion, BURNS and his friend NICHOL were naturally led to visit the interesting scenery adjacent to the duke of ATHOL'S seat at *Dunkeld*, on the banks of the Tay. While they were in a contiguous inn, the duke, accidentally informed of MR. BURNS' arrival so near, invited him, by a polite message, to *Dunkeld-house*. BURNS did not fail to attend his obliging inviter ; was received with flattering condescension ; made himself sufficiently agreeable by his conversation and manners ; was detained for a day or two by his Grace's kind hospitality ; and, ere he departed, in a poetical petition, in the name of the river *Bruar*, which falls into the Tay, within the duke's pleasure-grounds at *Blair-Athol* ; suggested some new improvements of taste, which I believe to have been since happily made, in compliance with his advice. I relate this little incident, to do honour rather to the duke of Athol, than to BURNS : for, if I be not exceedingly mistaken, nothing that history can record of George the Third, will

will in future times, be accounted more honourable to his memory, than the circumstances and the conversation of his well known interview with DR. JOHNSON. The two congenial companions, BURNS and NICHOL; after visiting many other of those romantic, picturesque, and sublime scenes, of which the fame attracts travellers of taste to the Highlands of Scotland; after fondly lingering here and there for a day or two at a favourite inn; returned at last to Edinburgh: and BURNS was now to close accounts with his bookseller, and to retire with his profits in his pocket to the country.

MR. CREECH has obligingly informed me, that the whole sum paid to the poet for the copyright, and for the subscription copies of his book, amounted to nearly eleven hundred pounds. Out of this sum, indeed, the expences of printing the edition for the subscribers, were to be deducted. I have likewise reason to believe, that he had consumed a much larger proportion of these gains, than prudence could approve; while he superintended the impression, paid his court to his patrons, and waited the full payment of the subscription-money.

HE was now at last to fix upon a plan for his future life. He talked loudly of independence of spirit, and simplicity of manners; and boasted his resolution to return to the plough. Yet, still he lingered in Edinburgh, week after week, and month after month:

month: perhaps expecting that one or another of his noble patrons might procure him some permanent and competent annual income, which should set him above all necessity of future exertions to earn for himself the means of subsistence; perhaps unconsciously reluctant to quit the pleasures of that voluptuous town life to which he had for some time too willingly accustomed himself. An accidental dislocation or fracture of an arm or a leg, confining him for some weeks to his apartment, left him, during this time, leisure for serious reflection: and he determined to retire from the town, without longer delay. None of all his patrons interposed to divert him from his purpose of returning to the plough, by the offer of any small pension, or any sinecure place of moderate emolument, such as might have given him competence without withdrawing him from his poetical studies. It seemed to be forgotten, that a ploughman thus exalted into a man of letters, was unfitted for his former toils; without being regularly qualified to enter the career of any new profession; and that it became incumbent upon those patrons who had called him from the plough, not merely to make him their companion in the hour of riot, not simply to fill his purse with gold for a few transient expences; but to secure him, as far as was possible, from being ever over-whelmed in distress, in consequence of the favour which they had shewn him, and of the habits of life into which they had seduced him. Perhaps,
indeed,

indeed, the same delusion of fancy betrayed both BURNS and his patrons into the mistaken idea that, after all which had passed, it was still possible for him to return, in cheerful content, to the homely joys and simple toils of undissipated rural life.

IN this temper of BURNS' mind, in this state of his fortune, a *farm* and the *excise* were the objects upon which his choice ultimately fixed for future employment and support. MR. ALEXANDER WOOD, the surgeon who attended him during the illness occasioned by his hurt; no sooner understood his patient's wish, to seek a resource in the service of the *excise*; than he, with the usual activity of his benevolence, effectually recommended the poet to the commissioners of excise: and the name of BURNS was enrolled in the list of their *expectant-officers*. PETER MILLAR, ESQ. of *Dalswinton*, deceived, like BURNS himself, and BURNS' other friends, into an idea, that the poet and exciseman might yet be respectable and happy as a farmer; generously proposed to establish him in a farm, upon conditions of lease, which prudence and industry might easily render exceedingly advantageous. BURNS eagerly accepted the offers of this benevolent patron. Two of the poet's friends from *Ayrshire*, were invited to survey that farm in *Dumfriesshire*, which MR. MILLAR offered. A lease was granted to the poetical farmer,

farmer, at the annual rent which his own friends declared, that the due cultivation of his farm might easily enable him to pay. What yet remained of the profits of his publication, was laid out in the purchase of farm-stock. And MR. MILLAR might, for some short time, please himself with the persuasion that he had approved himself the liberal patron of genius; had acquired a good tenant upon his estate; and had placed a deserving man in the very situation in which alone he himself desired to be placed, in order to be happy to his wishes.

BURNS, with his JANE, whom he now married, took up their residence upon his farm. The neighbouring farmers and gentlemen, pleased to obtain for an inmate among them, the poet by whose works they had been delighted; kindly sought his company, and invited him to their houses. He found an inexpressible charm in sitting down, beside his wife, at his own fire-side; in wandering over his own grounds; in once more putting his hand to the spade and the plough; in forming his enclosures, and managing his cattle. For some moments, he felt almost all that felicity which fancy had taught him to expect in his new situation. He had been, for a time, idle: but his muscles were not yet unbraced for rural toil. He had been admitted to flatter ladies of fashion; he had been occasionally seduced by the allurements of venal beauty: but, he now seemed to find a joy in being the husband of

the mistress of his affections, in seeing himself the father of her children, such as might promise to attach him for ever to that modest, humble, domestic life in which alone he could hope to be permanently happy. Even his engagements in the service of the excise, did not at the very first, threaten necessarily to debase him by association with the mean, the gross, and the profligate, to contaminate the poet, or to ruin the farmer.

BUT, it could not be. It was not possible for BURNS now to assume that soberness of fancy and passions, that sedateness of feeling, those habits of earnest attention to gross and vulgar cares, without which, success in his new situation was not to be expected. A thousand difficulties were to be encountered and overcome, much money was to be expended, much weary toil was to be exercised, before his farm could be brought into a state of cultivation, in which its produce might enrich the occupier. The prospect before him, was, in this respect, such as might well have discouraged the most stubbornly laborious peasant, the most sanguine projector in agriculture. Much more, therefore, was it likely, that this prospect should quickly dishearten BURNS; who had never loved labour; and who was, at this time, certainly not at all disposed to enter into agriculture with the enthusiasm of a projector. Beside all this, I have reason to believe, that the poet had made his bargain rashly, and had not duly availed

himself of his patron's generosity. His friends from Ayrshire, were little acquainted with the soil, with the manures, with the markets, with the dairies, with the modes of improvement in Dumfriesshire. They had set upon his farm, rather such a value of rental, as it might have borne in Ayrshire, than that which it could easily afford in the local circumstances in which it was actually placed. He himself had inconsiderately submitted to their judgment, without once doubting whether they might not have erred against his interests, without the slightest wish to make a bargain artfully advantageous for himself. And the necessary consequence was, that he held his farm at too high a rent, contrary to his landlord's intention. The business of the excise too, as he began to be more and more employed in it, distracted his mind from the care of his farm, led him into gross and vulgar society, and exposed him to many unavoidable temptations to drunken excess, such as he had no longer sufficient fortitude to resist. Amidst the anxieties, distractions, and seducements, which thus arose to him; home became insensibly less and less pleasing; even the endearments of his JANE's affection began to lose their hold on his heart; he became every day less and less unwilling to forget in riot these gathering sorrows which he knew not to subdue.

MR. MILLAR, and some others of his friends, would gladly have exerted an influence over his mind, which might have preserved him, in this situation of his affairs, equally from despondency, and from
dissipation.

dissipation. But BURNS' temper spurned all controul from his superiors in fortune. He resented, as an arrogant encroachment upon his independence, that tenor of conduct by which MR. MILLAR wished to turn him from dissolute conviviality, to that steady attention to the business of his farm, without which it was impossible to thrive in it. In the neighbourhood were other gentlemen occasionally addicted, like BURNS, to convivial excess; who, while they admired the poet's talents, and were charmed with his licentious wit; forgot the care of his real interests in the pleasure which they found in his company, and in the gratification which the plenty and festivity of their tables appeared evidently to afford him; With these gentlemen, while disappointments and disgusts continued to multiply upon him in his present situation, he persisted to associate every day more and more eagerly. His crosses and disappointments drove him every day more and more into dissipation; and his dissipation tended to enhance whatever was disagreeable and perplexing in the state of his affairs. He sunk, by degrees, into the boon companion of mere excisemen: and almost every drunken fellow, who was willing to spend his money lavishly in the ale-house, could easily command the company of BURNS. The care of his farm was thus neglected: waste and losses wholly consumed his little capital: He resigned his lease into the hands of his landlord; and retired with his family, to the town of Dumfries: Determining to depend entirely for the means of future support upon his income as an excise officer.

YET, during this unfortunate period of his life, which passed between his departure from Edinburgh to settle in Dumfriesshire, and his leaving the country in order to take up his residence in the town of Dumfries, the energy and activity of his intellectual powers appears to have been not at all impaired. He made a collection of Scottish songs, which were published, the words with the music, by a MR. JOHNSTONE, an engraver, in Edinburgh, in three small volumes, in octavo. In making this collection, he, in many instances, accommodated new verses to the old tunes, with admirable felicity and skill. He composed several other poems, such as the tale of *Tam o' Shanter*, the *Whistle*, *Verses on a wounded Hare*, the *Pathetic Address to R*** G*** of F****, and some others which he afterwards permitted MR. CREECH to insert in the *fourth* and *fifth* editions of his poems. He assisted in the temporary institution of a small subscription library, for the use of a number of the well-disposed peasants in his neighbourhood. He readily aided, and by his knowledge of genuine Scottish phraseology and manners, greatly enlightened, the antiquarian researches of the late ingenious CAPTAIN GROSE. He still carried on an epistolary correspondence, sometimes gay, sportive, humorous, but always enlivened by bright flashes of genius, with a number of his old friends, and on a very wide diversity of topics. At times, as it should seem from his writings of this period, he reflected with inexpressible heart-bitterness, on
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the high hopes from which he had fallen ; on the errors of moral conduct, into which he had been hurried, by the ardour of his soul, and in some measure, by the very generosity of his nature ; on the disgrace and wretchedness into which he saw himself rapidly sinking ; on the sorrow with which his misconduct oppressed the heart of his JANE ; on the want and destitute misery in which it seemed probable that he must leave her and their infants. Nor, amidst these agonizing reflections, did he fail to look with an indignation half invidious, half contemptuous, on those, who, with moral habits not more excellent than his, with powers of intellect far inferior, yet basked in the sun-shine of fortune, and were loaded with the wealth and honours of the world, while *his* follies could not obtain pardon, nor his wants an honourable supply. His wit became, from this time, more gloomily sarcastic ; and his conversation and writings began to assume something of a tone of misanthropical malignity, by which they had not been before, in any eminent degree, distinguished. But, with all these failings ; he was still that exalted mind which had raised itself above the depression of its original condition, with all the energy of *the lion, pawing to set free his hinder limbs from the yet incumbering earth* : He still appeared *not less than Archangel ruined* !

WHAT more remains there for me to relate ? In Dumfries his dissipation became still more deeply habitual.

Habitual. He was here exposed more than in the country, to be solicited to share the riot of the dissolute and the idle. Foolish young men, such as writers' apprentices, young surgeons, merchants' clerks, and his brother excisemen, flocked eagerly about him, and from time to time pressed him to drink with them, that they might enjoy his wicked wit. His friend NICHOL made one or two autumnal excursions to Dumfries: and when they met in Dumfries, friendship, and genius, and wanton wit, and good liquor could never fail to keep BURNS and NICHOL together, till both the one and the other were as dead drunk as ever Silenus was. The *Caledonian Club*, too, and the *Dumfriesshire and Galloway Hunt*, had occasional meetings in Dumfries, after BURNS came to reside here: and the poet was, of course, invited to share their conviviality; and hesitated not to accept the invitation. The morals of the town were, in consequence of its becoming so much the scene of public amusement, not a little corrupted: and, though a husband and a father, poor BURNS did not escape suffering by the general contamination, in a manner which I forbear to describe. In the intervals between his different fits of intemperance, he suffered still the keenest anguish of remorse and horrible afflictive foresight. His JANE still behaved with a degree of maternal and conjugal tenderness and prudence, which made him feel more bitterly the evil of his misconduct, although
they

they could not reclaim him. At last, crippled, emaciated, having the very power of animation wasted by disease, quite broken-hearted by the sense of his errors, and of the hopeless miseries in which he saw himself and his family depressed; with his soul still tremblingly alive to the sense of shame, and to the love of virtue; yet even in the last feebleness, and amid the last agonies of expiring life, yielding readily to any temptation that offered the semblance of intemperate enjoyment; he died at Dumfries, in the summer of the year 1756, while he was yet three or four years under the age of forty.

AFTER his death, it quickly appeared that his failings had not effaced from the minds of his more respectable acquaintance, either the regard which had once been won by his social qualities, or the reverence due to his intellectual talents. The circumstances of want in which he left his family, were noticed by the gentlemen of Dumfries, with earnest commiseration. His funeral was celebrated, by the care of his friends, with a decent solemnity, and with a numerous attendance of mourners, sufficiently honourable to his memory. Several copies of verses, having, *if no other merit, at least that of a good subject*; were inserted in different newspapers, upon the occasion of his death. A contribution by subscription, was proposed, in order to raise a small fund, for the decent support of his widow, and the education of his infant children. This subscription

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has been very warmly promoted, and not without considerable success, by *John Syme* Esq. of Dumfries; by *Alexander Cunningham*, Esq. in Edinburgh; and by Dr. *James Currie* and Mr. *Roscoe* of Liverpool. Mr. *Stephen Kemble*, manager of the theatre-royal at Edinburgh, with ready liberality, gave a benefit night for this generous purpose. A publication of the poet's posthumous works was prepared, the profits of which were to be appropriated to the same pious use. It is hoped, that such a sum may be made up, in all, as shall secure his widow from destitute want, and shall bestow upon his children the advantages of a liberal education. It will be rather a tribute to BURNS, than the mere dole of charity.

I SHALL conclude this paper with a short estimate of what appear to me to have been BURNS' real merits, as a poet and as a man.

THE most remarkable quality he displayed, both in his writings and his conversation, was, certainly, an enlarged, vigorous, keenly discerning, COMPREHENSION OF MIND. Whatever be the subject of his verse; he seems still to grasp it with giant force; to wield and turn it with easy dexterity; to view it on all sides, with an eye which no turn of outline and no hue of colouring can elude; to mark

all its relations to the group of furrounding objects ; and then to select what he chooses to represent to our imaginations, with a skilful and happy propriety, which shews him to have been, at the same time, master of all the rest. It will not be very easy for any other mind, however richly stored with various knowledge ; for any other imagination, however elastic and inventive ; to find any new and suitable topic that has been omitted by BURNS, in celebrating the subjects of all his greater and more elaborate poems. It is impossible to consider, without astonishment, that amazing fertility of invention which is displayed, under the regulation of a sound judgment, and a correct taste, in the pieces intituled, *the Twa Dogs ; the Address to the De'il ; Scotch Drink ; the Holy Fair ; Hallowe'en ; the Cottar's Saturday's Night ; To a Haggis ; To a Louse ; To a Mountain Daisy ; Tam O'Shanter ; on Captain Grose's Peregrinations ; The humble Petition of Bruar Water ; The Bard's Epitaph.* Shoemakers, footmen, threshers, milkmaids, peers, slaymakers, have all written verses, such as deservedly attracted the notice of the world. But in the poetry of these people, while there was commonly some genuine effusion of the sentiments of agitated nature, some exhibition of such imagery as at once impressed itself upon the heart ; there was also ever much to be excused in consideration of their ignorance, their want of taste, their extravagance of fancy, their
want

want or abuse of the advantages of a liberal education. BURNS has no pardon to demand for defects of this sort. He might scorn every concession which we are ready to grant to his peculiar circumstances, without being, on this account, reduced to relinquish any part of his claims to the praise of poetical excellence. He touches his lyre, at all times, with the hand of a master. He demands to be ranked, not with the *Woodbouffes*, the *Ducks*, the *Ramfays*, but with the MILTONS, the POPES, the GRAYS. No poet was ever more largely endowed with that strong common sense which is necessarily the very source and principle of all fine writing.

THE next remarkable quality in this man's character, seems to have consisted in native strength, ARDOUR, and delicacy of FEELINGS, passions, and affections. *Si vis me flere; dolendum primum est ipsi tibi.* All that is valuable in poetry, and, at the same time, peculiar to it, consists in the effusion of particular, not general, *sentiment*, and in the picturing out of particular *imagery*. But education, reading, a wide converse with men in society, the most extensive observation of external nature, however useful to improve, cannot even all combined, confer, the power of comprehending either *imagery* or *sentiment*, with such force and vivacity of conception, as may enable one to impress whatever he may choose upon the souls of others, with full, irresistible, electric

tric energy. This is a power which nought can bestow, save native soundness, delicacy, quickness, ardour, force of those parts of our bodily organization, of those energies in the structure of our minds, on which depend all our sensations, emotions, appetites, passions, and affections. Who ever knew a man of high original genius, whose senses were imperfect, his feelings dull and callous, his passions all languid and stagnant, his affections without ardour, and without constancy? Others may be artificers, speculatists, imitators in the fine arts. None but the man who is thus richly endowed by nature, can be a poet, an artist, an illustrious inventor in philosophy. Let any person *first* possess this original soundness, vigour, and delicacy of the primary energies of mind; and *then* let him receive some impression upon his imagination, which shall excite a passion for this or that particular pursuit: he will scarcely fail to distinguish himself by illustrious efforts of exalted and original genius. Without having, *first*, those simple ideas which belong, respectively, to the different senses; no man can ever form for himself the complex notions, into the composition of which such simple ideas necessarily enter. Never could BURNS, without this delicacy, this strength, this vivacity of the powers of bodily sensation, and of mental feeling, which I would here claim as the indispensable native endowments of true genius; without these, never could he have poured forth those sentiments, or portrayed those images, which have so powerfully impressed

impressed every imagination, and penetrated every heart. Almost all the sentiments and images diffused throughout the poems of BURNS, are fresh from the mint of nature. He sings what he had himself beheld with interested attention,—what he had himself felt with keen emotions of pain or pleasure. You actually see what he describes: you more than sympathize with his joys: your bosom is inflamed with all his fire: your heart dies away within you, infected by the contagion of his despondency. He exalts, for a time, the genius of his reader to the elevation of his own; and, for the moment, confers upon him all the powers of a poet. Quotations were endless. But any person of discernment, taste, and feeling, who shall carefully read over BURNS' book, will not fail to discover, in its every page, abundance of those sentiments and images to which this observation relates.—It is originality of genius, it is soundness of perception, it is delicacy of passion, it is general vigour and impetuosity of the whole mind, by which such effects are produced. Others have sung, in the same Scottish dialect, and in similar rhymes, many of the same topics which are celebrated by BURNS. But, what with BURNS awes or fascinates; in the hands of others, only disgusts by its deformity, or excites contempt by its meanness and uninteresting simplicity.

A THIRD quality which the life and the writings of BURNS shew to have belonged to his character, was, a quick and correct DISCERNMENT of the distinctions between RIGHT and *wrong*, between TRUTH and *falsehood*; and this, accompanied with a passionate preference of whatever was RIGHT and TRUE, with an indignant abhorrence of whatever was *false* and morally *wrong*. It is true that he did not always steadily distinguish and eschew the evils of drunkenness and licentious love; it is true that these, at times, seem to obtain even the approbation of his muse. But there remains in his works enough to shew, that his cooler reason, and all his better feelings, earnestly rejected those gay vices, which he could sometimes, unhappily, allow himself to practise, and would sometimes recommend to others, by the charms which his imagination lent them. What was it but the clear and ardent discrimination of justice from injustice, which inspired that indignation with which his heart often burned, when he saw those exalted by fortune, who were not exalted by their merits? His *Cottar's Saturday's Night*, and all his graver poems, breathe a rich vein of the most amiable, yet manly, and even delicately correct, morality. In his pieces of satire, and of lighter humour, it is still upon the accurate and passionate discernment of falsehood, and of moral turpitude, that his ridicule turns. Other poets are often as

remarkable for the incorrectness, or even the absurdity

ity of their general truths; as for interesting sublimity or tenderness of sentiment, or for picturesque splendour of imagery. BURNS is not less happy in teaching general truths, than in that display of sentiment and imagery, which more peculiarly belongs to the province of the poet. BURNS' morality deserves this high praise: that it is not a system merely of *discretion*; it is not founded upon any scheme of superstition; but seems to have always its source, and the test by which it is to be tried, in the most diffusive benevolence, and in a regard for the universal good.

THE only other leading feature of character that appears to be strikingly displayed in the life and writings of BURNS, is, a *lofty-minded* CONSCIOUSNESS of his own TALENTS and MERITS. Hence, the fierce and contemptuous asperity of his satire; the full and gloomy dignity of his complaints, addressed, not so much to alarm the soul of pity, as to reproach injustice, and to make fortunate baseness shrink abashed; that general gravity and elevation of his sentiments, which admits no humbly insinuating sportiveness of wit, which scorns all compromise between the *right* and the *expedient*, which decides with the authoritative voice of a judge from whom there is no appeal, upon characters, principles, and events, whenever they present themselves to notice.

notice. From his works, as from his conversation and manners, *pride* seems to have excluded the effusions of *vanity*. In the composition, or correction of his poetry, he never suffered the judgment, even of his most respectable friends, to dictate to him. This line in one of his poems, “*When I look back on prospects dear*” was criticised; but he would not condescend either to reply to the criticism, or to alter the expression. Not a few of his smaller pieces are sufficiently trivial, vulgar, and hackneyed in the thought, are such as the pride of genius should have disdained to write, or, at least, to publish. But there is reason to believe that he despised such pieces, even while he wrote and published them; that it was rather in regard to the effects they had already produced upon hearers and readers, than from any overweening opinion of their intrinsic worth, he suffered them to be printed. His wit is always dignified. He is not a merry-andrew in a motley coat, sporting before you for your diversion: but a hero, or a philosopher, deigning to admit you to witness his relaxations; still exercising the great energies of his soul; and little caring, at the moment, whether you do, or do not, cordially sympathize with his feelings.

HIS POEMS may be all distributed into the two classes of *pastorals* and *pieces upon common life and manners*. In the former class, I include all those in which rural imagery, and the manners and sentiments of rustics, are chiefly described. In the latter, I would comprehend his epigrams, epistles, and, in short, all those pieces in which the imagery and sentiments are drawn from the condition and appearances of common life, without any particular reference to the country. It is in the first class, that the most excellent of his poems are certainly to be found. Those few pieces which he seems to have attempted in that miserable strain, called *the Della Crusca style*, appear to me to be the least commendable of all his writings. He usually employs those forms of *versification*, which have been used chiefly by the former writers of poetry in the Scottish dialect, and by some of the elder English poets. His *phraseology* is evidently drawn from those books of English poetry which were in his hands, from the writings of former Scottish poets, and from those unwritten stores of the Scottish dialect, which became known to him, in the conversation of his fellow-peasants. Some other late writers in the Scottish dialect seem to think, that not to write English; is certainly, to write Scottish. BURNS, avoiding this error, hardly ever transgressed the propriety of English grammar, except in compliance with the long-accustomed variations of the genuine Scottish dialect.

FROM

FROM the preceding detail of the particulars of this poet's life, the reader will naturally and justly infer him to have been an honest, proud, warm-hearted man; of high passions, a sound understanding, a vigorous and excurfive imagination. He was never known to descend to any act of deliberate meanness. In Dumfries, he retained many respectable friends, even to the last. It may be doubted whether he has not, by his writings, exercised a greater power over the minds of men, and by consequence on their conduct, upon their happiness and misery, upon the general system of life, than has been exercised by any half-dozen of the most eminent statesmen of the present age. The power of the statesman, is but shadowy, so far as it acts upon externals alone. The power of the writer of genius, subdues the heart and the understanding, and having thus made the very springs of action its own, through them moulds almost all life and nature at its pleasure. BURNS has not failed to command one remarkable sort of homage, such as is never paid but to great original genius. A crowd of poets started up to imitate him, by writing verses as he had done, in the Scottish dialect. But, *O imitatores, servum pecus!* To persons to whom the Scottish dialect, and the customs and manners of rural life in Scotland, have no charm; I shall possibly appear to have said too much about BURNS. By those who passionately admire him, I shall, perhaps, be blamed, as having said too little.

By land and banks and streams around
The castle of Montgomery
Green be your woods & fair your flowers
Your waters never drizzle
Then summer first unfold her robe
And then the longest tarry
For then I took the best farewell
O my sweet Highland Mary
Thou sweetly throned as a gay queen
Thou wert the heartiest bloom
To gentlemen their fragments had
I cleaved her to my bosom
The golden hours on angels wing
Gleam over our couch by dawn
For dear to me as light & life
Was my sweet Highland Mary

With many a dove's look embrace
Our parting was so tender
And pleading soft to meet again
We love ourselves as ever
But Oh fate death's untimely fist
That nipt my flower sweetly
Now green the dew-drops the day
That wraps my Highland Mary
A pale pale now that rosy lips
Thou had kept our fondly glances
And elixir for all the sparkling
That dwelt on me our kinship

And wondering how in ~~the~~ ^{the} world
She heart that has so dearly
But still ~~with~~ ^{with} my ~~own~~ ^{own} care
I shall live my ~~happy~~ ^{happy} Mary

P O E M S,

CHIEFLY

SCOTTISH.

THE

TWA DOGS.

A TALE.

'T WAS in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name of *Auld King Coil*,
Upon a bonie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa Dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him *Cesar*,
Was keepit for his Honor's pleasure;

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B

His hair, his size, his mouth, his lug,
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for Cod.

His locked, lettered, braw brass collar
Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar :
But though he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride, nae pride had he,
But wad hae spent an hour carressin,
Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gypsey's messin :
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
An' stroat on stanes an hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
Wha for his friend and comrade had him,
And in his freaks had *Luath* ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland sang,*
Was made lang fyne, Lord knows how lang.

He was a gath an' faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a sleugh or dike.
His honest, honest, baw's'nt face,
Ay gat him friends in uska place ;
His breast was white, his touzie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black ;

* Cuchulian's dog in Ossian's *Forest*.

His gaucie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung owre his hurdies wi' a fwirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
An' unco pack an' thick thegither;
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snawkit;
Whyles mice and moudieworts they howkit;
Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
An' worry'd ither in diversion;
Till tir'd at last wi' mony a farce,
They fat them down upon their a—,
An' there began a lang digression
About the *Lords o' the creations*.

CÆSAR.

I've often wonder'd, honest *Luath*,
What fort o' life poor dogs like you have,
An' when the gentry's life I saw
What way poor bodies liv'd ava.

Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
His coals, his kain, an' a' his flents;
He rises when he likes himsel;
His flunkies answer at the bell;
He ca's his coach; he ca's his horse;
He draws a bonie filken purse
As lang's my tail, whare, thro' the streets.
The yellow-letter'd Geordie kecks.

Frae morn to e'en 'tis nought but toiling,
 At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
 An' tho' the gentry first are fleechin,
 Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan
 Wi' sause, ragouts, and sic like trashtrie,
 That's little short o' downright wastrie.
 Our Whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
 Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
 Better than ony tenant man
 His Honor has in a' the lan';
 An' what poor cot-folk pit their paunch in,
 I own 'tis past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't enough;
 A catter howkin' in a sheugh,
 Wi' dirty stanes biggin' a dyke,
 Baring a quarry, an' sic like,
 Himfel, a wife, he thus sustains,
 A smyre o' wee duddie weans,
 An' nought but his han' darg, to keep
 Them right an' tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet wi' fair disasters,
 Like loss o' health or want o' masters,
 Ye naist wad think, a wee touch langer,
 An' they maun starve o' cauld an' hunger:
 But how it comes, I never kend yet,
 They're mainlly wonderfu' contented;

An' bu'rd'y chieks, an' clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But, then, to see how ye'es negleckit,
How huff'd, an' scuff'd, an' disrespeckit !
L—, man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle ;
They gang as faucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinking block.

I've notic'd on our Laird's court-day,
An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's fraith :
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
He'll apprehend them, pound their gear ;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
An' bear it a', an' fear an' tremble !

I see how folk live that hae riches :
But surely poor folk maun be wretches !

LUATH.

They're no sae wretched ane wad think ;
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink,
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o' it gies them li'le fight.

Then chance and fortune are fae guided,
 They're ay, in less or mair provided ;
 An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,
 A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
 Their grushie weans and faithfu' wives ;
 The prattling things are just their pride,
 That sweetens a' their fire-side.

An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy
 Can mak the bodies unco happy ;
 They lay aside their private cares,
 To mind the Kirk and State affairs ;
 They'll talk o' patronage an' priests,
 Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts,
 Or tell what new taxation's comin,
 An' ferlie at the folk in *Lon'on*.

* As black fac'd Hallowmas returns,
 They get the jovial ranting Kirns,
 When *rural life*, of every station,
 Unite in common recreation ;
 Love blinks, Wit flaps, an' social Mirth
 Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
 They bar the door on frosty-wine ;

The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
 An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
 The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill
 Are handed down wi' right guid will;
 The canty auld folks crackin crouse,
 The young anes ranting thro' the house,
 My heart has been sae fain to see them,
 That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
 Sic game is now owre aften play'd;
 There's monie a creditable flock
 O' decent, bonest, faufont folk
 Are riven out baith root an' branch,
 Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
 Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
 In favour wi' some gentle Master,
 Wha ablus thrang a parliament in,
 For Britain's guid his faul indentin—

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little kin about it;
For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt it.
 Say, rather, gaun as *Premiers* lead him,
 An' saying *aye* or *no's* they bid him:
 At Opera's an' Plays parading,
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading:
 Or maybe, in a frolic dast
 To *Hugue* or *Calais* tak's a wast,

To mak a tour an' tak a whirl,
 To learn *bon ton* an' see the worl'.

There, at *Vienna* or *Versailles*,
 He rives his father's auld entails;
 Or by *Madrid* he takes the rout,
 To thrum guittars an' fecht wi' nowt;
 Or down Italian *Vista* flartles,
 Wh-re-hunting among groves o' myrtles;
 Then boufes grumlie German water,
 To mak himsel look fair an' fatter,
 An' clear the consequential sorrows
 Love-gifts of carnival Signioras.

For *Britain's* guid! for her destruction!
 Wi' dissipation, feud an' faction:

LUATH.

Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate
 They waste sae mony a braw estate!
 Are we sae foughten and harrafs'd
 For gear to gang that gate at last!

O wou'd they stay aback frae courts
 An' please themselves wi' contra sports,
 It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
 The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter!
 For thae flank, rantin, ramblin billies,
 Fiept hate o' them's ill-hearted fellows;
 Except for breaking o' their timmer,
 Or speaking lightly o' their Limmer,

Or shootin o' a hare or moorcock,
The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will you tell me, master *Cæsar*,
Sure great folks life's a life o' pleasure?
Nae could nor hunger e'er can fear them,
The vara thought o't need na fear them.

CÆSAR.

L—d, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.

It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
Thro' Winter's cauld, or Summer's heat;
They've nae fair wark to crave their banes,
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes;
But human bodies are sic fools
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themselves to vex them;
In like proportion, less will hurt them.

A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acre's till'd, he's right enough;
A country girl at her wheel,
Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel,
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;
The deil hate ails them, yet uneasy;

Their days insipid, dull and tasteless,
 Their nights unquiet, lang, and restless.

An' ev'n their sports, their balls an' races,
 Their galloping thro' public places,
 There sic parade, sic pomp an' art,
 The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The men cast out in party matches
 Then fowther a' in deep debauches.
 At night, they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring,
 Nienst day their life is past enduring.

The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
 As great an' gracious a' as sisters:
 But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
 They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.
 Whyles, owre the wi' bit cup an' platie,
 They sip the scandal potion pretty ;
 Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks,
 Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks ;
 Stake on a chance a farmer's slackyard,
 An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard.

There's some exceptions man an' woman ;
 But this is gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
 An' darker gloamin brought the night :

The *bun-clock* humm'd wi' lazy drone,
 The kye stood rowtin i' the loan;
 When up they gat an' shook their lugs,
 Rejoic'd they were na *men*, but *dogs*;
 An' each took aff his several way,
 Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

SCOTCH DRINK.

*Gie him strong drink until he wink,
 That's sinking in despair;
 An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
 That's prest wi' grief and care;
 There let him bouse an' deep carouse,
 Wi' lumpers flowing o'er,
 Till he forgets his loves or debts,
 An' minds his griefs no more.*

SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, XXXI. 6, 7:

LET other Poets raise a fracas
 About vines an' wines, an' drunken *Bacchus*,
 An' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,
 An' grate our lug,
 I sing the juice *Scotch beer* can mak us,
 In glais or jug.

O thou, my *Muse*! guid auld *Scotch Drink*!
 Whether thro' wilkin worms thou jink,
 Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,
 In glorious faem,
 Inspire me, till I lisp an' wink
 To Sing thy name!

Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn,
 An Aits fet up their awnie horn,
 An' Pease an' Beans, at een or morn,
 Perfume the plain,
 Leeze me on thee, *John Barlicorn*,
 Thou king o' grain.

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
 In fouple scones, the wale o' food;
 Or tumbling in the boiling flood
 Wi' kail an' beef;
 But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
 There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin';
 Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin',
 When heavy dragg'd wi' pine and grivin';
 But oil'd by thee,
 The wheels o' life gae down hill screevin',
 Wi' ratlin glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear;
 Thou chears the heart o' drooping Care;
 Thou strings the nerves o' Labor fair,
 At's weary toil;
 Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair,
 Wi' gloomy smile.
 Aft clad in massy filler weed,
 Wi' Gentles thou erects thy heed;

Yet humbly kind in time o' need,

The poor man's wine;

His wee drap parritch, or his bread,

Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts;

But thee, what were our fairs and rants?

Even godly meetings o' the faunts,

By thee inspir'd,

When gaping they besiege the tents,

Are doubly fir'd.

That merry night we get the corn in,

O sweetly, then, thou reams the horn in!

Or reekin on a New-year mornin,

In cog or bicker,

An' just a wee drap sp'ritual buin in,

An gulty fucker!

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,

An' Ploughmen gather wi' their graith,

O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath,

I th lugget caup!

Then *Burnetwin* comes on like Death

At evry chap.

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel;

The brawnie, bainie ploughman chiel

Bings hard lowrehip, wi' sturdy wheel

The strong forehammer,

Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
 Wi' dinfome clamour.

When skirlin weanies see the light,
 Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,
 How fumbling Cuifs their Dearies flight,
 Wae worth the name!
 Nae howdie gets a social night,
 Or plack frae them.

When neebors anger at a plea,
 An' just as wud as wud can be,
 How eafy can the *barlie-brie*
 Cement the quarrel!
 It's aye the cheapest Lawyer's fee
 To taste the barrel.

Alake! that e'er my Muse has reason,
 To wyte her countrymen wi' treason!
 But monie daily wet their weason
 Wi' liquors nice,
 An' hardly, in a winter season,
 E'er spier their price.

Wae worth that brandy, burning trash!
 Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash!
 Twins monie a poor, doylt, drunken haff
 O' half his days;
 An' fends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
 To her warst faes.

Haud up thy han' Deil! ance, twice, thrice!

There, feize the blinkers

An' bake them up in brinstane pies

For poor d—n'd drinkers.

Fortune, if thou'll but gie me fill

Hale breeks, a scone, an *whisky gill*,

An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,

Tak' 'a the rest,

An' deal't about as thy blind skill

Directs thee best.

THE AUTHOR'S
EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER,*

*To the Right Honourable and Honourable, the Scotch
Representatives in the House of Commons.*

Dearest of Distillation! last and best!

—————How art thou lost!—————

PARODY ON MILTON.

YE Irish Lords; ye knights an' Squires,
Wha represent our brouchs an' shires,
An' douchely manage our affairs

In Parliament,

To you a simple Bardie's prayers

Are humbly sent.

Alas! my rounpet Muse is hearfe!
Your Honours' hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
To see her sittin on her a—

Low i' the dust,

An' feriechen out prosaic verse,

An' like to brust!

* This was wrote before the Act anent the Scotch Distillation, of session 1736; for which Scotland and the Author set an their most graceful thanks.

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
 E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction,
 On *Aquavite* ;
 An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
 An' move their pity.

Stand forth, an' tell yon *Premier Youth*
 The honest, open, naked truth ;
 Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
 His servants humble ;
 The muckle devil blaw ye south,
 If ye dissemble !

Does ony great man glunch an' gloom ?
 Speak out an' never fash your thumb !
 Let posts an' pensions sink or soom
 Wi' them wha grant 'em :
 If honestly they canna come,
 Far better want 'em.

In gath'ring votes, you were na slack ;
 Now stand as tightly by your tack :
 Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
 An' hum an' haw,
 But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
 Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greetin' owre her thistle
 Her mutchkin-stoup as toom's a whistle ;

An' d-mn'd Excisemen in a buffle.

Seizen a *shell*,

'Triumphant crushin't like a mussel

Or lampit shell.

Then on the tither hand, present her,

A blackguard Smuggler right behint her,

An' cheek-for-chew, a chuffey Vintner,

Colleaguin' join,

Picking her pouch as bare as Winter,

Of a' kind coin.

Is there, that bears the name o' *Scot*,

But feels his heart's bluid risin' hot,

To see his poor auld mither's *pot*,

Thus dung in slaves,

An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat

By gallows knaves?

Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,

Trode i' the mire out o' fight!

But could I like *Montgomery's* fight,

Or gab like *Boswell*,

There's some fark-necks I wad draw tight,

An' tie some hose well.

God bless your Honours, can ye see't,

The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet,

An' no get warmly to your feet,

An' gar them hear.

An' tell them, wi' a patriot heat,
Ye winna bear it!

Some o' ye nicely ken the laws,
To round the period an' pause,
An' with rhetoric clause on clause
To mak harangues;
Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's
Auld Scotland's wrangs,

Dempster, a true-blue Scot I've warran;
Thee, aith detesting, chaff *Killkerran*;
An' that glib-gabbit Aighland Baron,
The Laird o' *Graham*;
An' ane, a chap that's d-mn'd auldfarran,
Dundas his name.

Erskine, a spunkie Norlane billie;
True *Campbells*, *Frederick* an' *Illay*;
An' *Livistone*, the bauld *Sir Willie*;
An' monie ithers,
Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
Might own for brithers.

Arouse, my boys! exert your mettle,
To get auld Scotland back her *kettle*!
Or faith! I'll wad my new plough-pettle,
Ye'll see't or lang,
She'll teach you, wi' a reekin whittle,
An' her sang,

This while she's been in crankous mood,
Her *loft Militia* fir'd her bluid ;
(Deil na they never mair do guid,
Play'd her that pliskie ;)
An' now she's like to rin red wud
About her whiskey.

An' I——d, if ance they pit her till't,
Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,
An' durk' an pistol at her belt,
She'll tak the streets,
And rin her whittle to the hilt,
I' th' first she meets!

For God's sake, Sirs ! then speak her fair,
An' fraik her cannie wi' the hair,
An' to the muckle house repair,
Wi' instant speed,
An' strive wi' a' your wit and Lear,
To get remead.

You ill-tongu'd tinkler, *Charlie Fox*,
May taunt you wi' his jeers and mocks;
But gie him't het, my hearty cocks!
E'n cove the cadie!
An' fend him to his dicing box
An' sportin' lady.

Tell yon guid blood o' auid *Baconock's*,
I'll be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks,

An' drink his health in auld *Nance Tinocks* *

Nine times a week,

If he fome scheme, like tea an' Winnocks,

Wad kindly feek.

Could he some *commutation* broach,

I'll pledge my aith in gude braid Scotch,

He needna fear their foul reproach

Not erudition,

Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch potch,

The Coalition.

Auld Scotland has a racle tongue ;

She's jist a devil wi' a rung;

An' if the promise auld or young

To take their part,

Tho' by the neck she should be strung,

She'll no desert.

An' now, ye chosen *Five-and-Forty*,

May still your mother's heart support ye ;

Then tho' a Minister grow darty,

An' kick your place,

Ye'll snap your fingers, poor and hearty,

Before his face.

God blefs your Honours, a' your days.

Wi' fowps o' kail an' brats o' claife,

* A worthy old Hostess of the Author's in *Manchline*, where he sometimes studies Politicks over a glass of guine and *Scotch drink*.

In spite o' a' the thievish knaes

That haunt St. *Jamie's*!

Your humble Bardie sings an' prays

While *Rab* his name is.

POSTSCRIPT.

Let half starv'd slaves in warmer skies
See future wines, rich clustr'ing, rise ;
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,

But blyth and frisky,
She eyes her freeborn, martial boys
Tak aff their Whiskey.

What tho' their Phœbus kinder Warmes,
While Fragrance blooms and Beauty charms !
When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,
The scented groves,
Or hounded forth, dishonour arms
In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burthen on their shoulder !
They downa bide the stink o' powther ;
Their bauldest thought's a hawk'ing swither
To stan' or rin,

Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throwther,
To save their skin.

But bring a *Scotchman* frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say such is royal *George's* will,
An' there's the foe,
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint hearted doubtings tease him;
Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him;
Wi' bluidy han' a welcome gies him:
An' whan he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin lea's him
In faint huzzas.

Sages their solemn een may seek,
An' raise a philosophic reek,
An' physically, causes seek,
In clime an' season,
But tell me *Whisky's* name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld, respected Mither!
Tho' whyles ye moistify your leather,
Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
Ye fine your dam;
Freedom and *Whisky* gang thegither,
'Tak aff your dram!

THE
HOLY FAIR.*

*A robe of seeming truth and trust
Hid crafty observation ;
And secret hung, with poison'd crust,
The Dink of Defamation :
A mask that like the gorget shew'd
Dye-varying on the Pigeon ;
And for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapt him in Religion.*
HYPOCRISY A-LA-MODE.

I.

UPON a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walked forth to view the corn,
An' snuff the caller air,
The rising sun, owre *Galsston* muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintin ;
The hares were hurplin down the furs,
The lav'rocks they were chantin
Fu' sweet that day.

* HOLY FAIR is a common phrase in the West of Scotland for a sacramental occasion.

II.

As lightfomely I glowr'd abroad,
 To see a scene sae gay,
 Three Hizzies, early at the road,
 Came skelpin up the way.
 Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
 But ane wi' lyart lining ;
 The third, that gaed a wee a-back,
 Was in the fashion shining
 Fu' gay that day.

III.

The *twa* appear'd like sisters twin,
 In feature, form, an' claes ;
 Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin,
 An' four as ony flaes :
 The *third* cam up, hap-step an'-loup,
 As light as onie lambie,
 An wi' a curchie low djd floop,
 As soon as e'er she saw me,
 Fu' kind that day.

IV.

Wi' Bonnet aff, quoth I, ' sweet lass,
 ' I think ye seem to ken me ;
 ' I'm sure I've seen that bonie face,
 ' But yet I canna name ye.
 Quo' she, and laughin as she spak,
 An' taks me by the hauns,
 Ye, for my sake, ha gien the feck
 O' the ten commauns
 ' A sereed some day.

V.

- ‘ My name is *Fun*—your cronie dear,
 ‘ The nearest friend ye hae ;
 ‘ An’ this is *Superstition* here,
 An that’s *Hypocrisy*.
 ‘ I’m gaun to ***** *Ho’y Fair*,
 ‘ To spend an hour in daffin :
 ‘ Gin ye’ll go there, yon runkl’d pair,
 ‘ We will get famous laughin
 ‘ At them this day.’

VI.

- Quoth I, ‘ With a’ my heart I ll do’t,
 ‘ I ll get my Sunday falk on,
 ‘ An’ meet you on the holy spot ;
 ‘ Faith we’se hae fine remarkin !
 Then I gaed home at crowdy time,
 An’ soon I made me ready ;
 For roads were clad frae side to side,
 Wi’ mony a weary body,
 In droves that day.

VII.

- Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith.
 Gaed hoddin by their cotters ;
 There swankies young, in braw braid-claith,
 Are springing owre the gutters,
 The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,
 In silks and scarlets glitter ;
 Wi’ *sweet-milk cheese*, in monie a whang,
 An’ *faels* bak’d wi’ butter,
 Fu’ crump that day.

VIII.

When by the *plate* we set our nose,
 Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
 A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws
 An' we maun draw our tippence.
 Then in we go to see the show,
 On every side they're gach'rin ;
 Some carryin dails, some chairs an' stools,
 An' some are busy bleth'rin
 Right loud that day.

IX.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
 An' screen our countra Gentry,
 There *racer Jests*, an' twa-three wh—res,
 Are blinkin at the entry.
 Here sits a raw o' tittling jads,
 Wi' heaving breast an' bare neck ;
 An' there a batch o' wabster lads,
 Blackguarding frae K*****ck,
 For *fun* this day.

X.

Here some are thinking on their sins,
 An' some upo' their claes ;
 Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
 Anicher sighs an' prays :
 On this hand sits a chosen swatch
 Wi' screw'd up, grace-proud faces ;
 On that, a set o' Chaps, at watch,
 Thaug winking on the lasses
 To chairs that day.

XI.

O happy is that man, and blest !
 Nae wonder that it pride him !
 Wha's ain dear lafs that he likes best,
 Comes clinkin down beside him !
 Wi' arm repos'd on the chair back,
 He sweetly does compose him ;
 Which, by degrees, slips round her neck
 An's loof upon her bosom
 Unkend that day.

XII.

Now a' the congregation o'er
 Is silent expectation ;
 For***** speels the holy door,
 Wi' tidings o' d-mn-t--n.
 Should HORNIE, as in ancient days,
 'Mang fons o' G— present him,
 The very sight o' *****'s face,
 To's ain het hame had sent him
 Wi' fright that day.

XIII.

Hear how he clears the points o' Faith,
 Wi' ratlin an' wi' thumpin !
 Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
 He's stampin, an' he's jumpin !
 His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout,
 His eldritch squeel and gestures,
 O how they fire the heart devout
 Like cathedraean plasters,
 On sic a day !

XIV.

But hark! the *tent* has chang'd its voice ;

There's peace an' rest nae langer ;

For a' the *real judges* rise,

They canna sit for anger.

***** opens out his cauld harangues,

On practice and on morals ;

An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,

To gie the jars and barrels

A lift that day.

XV.

What signifies his barren shine,

Of moral pow'rs an' reason ?

His English style, an' gesture fine

Are a' clean out of season.

Like *Socrates* or *Antonine*,

Or some auld Pagan Heathen,

The moral man he does define,

But ne'er a word o' faith in

That's right that day.

XVI.

In guid time comes an antidote

Against sic poison'd nostrum ;

For *****, frae the water-fit

Ascends the holy rostrum :

See, up he's got the word o' G—

An' meek an' mild has view'd it,

While *Common Sense* has ta'en the road,

An' aff, an' up the *Corrigator*

Faith, fast that day.

* A Street so called, which faces the *rent* in—

XVII.

Wee ***** niest, the Guard relieves,
 An' Orthodoxy raibles,
 Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
 An' thinks it auld wives' fables :
 But faith ! the birkie wants a Manse,
 So, cannilie he hums them ;
 Altho' his carnal wit and sense
 Like hassins-wife o'ercomes him
 At times that day.

XVIII.

Now, butt an' ben, the Change-house fills,
 Wi' yill-caup Commentators :
 Here's crying out for bakes an' gills,
 An' there the pint-flowp clatters :
 While thick an' thiing, an' loud an' lang,
 Wi' Logic, an' wi' Scripture,
 They raise a din, that in the end,
 Is like to breed a rupture
 O' wrath that day.

XIX.

Leeze me on Drink ! it gi'es us mair
 Than either School or College :
 It kindles Wit, it waukens Lair,
 It pangs us fou o' Knowledge.
 Be't whisky, gill or penny wheep,
 Or ony stronger potion,
 It never fails, on drinkin deep,
 To kittle up our notion,
 By night or day.

The lads an' lasses, blythely bent,
 To mind baith faul an' body,
 Sit round the table, weel content,
 An' steer about the toddy,
 On this ane's drefs, an' that ane's leuk
 They're makin' observations;
 While some are cozie i' the neuk
 An' formin' assignations.

To meet some day.

XXI.

But now the L——'s ain trumpet touts,
 Till a' the hills are rarin',
 An' echos back return the shouts;
 Black ***** is na spariv :
 His piercing words, like Highlan' swords,
 Divide the joints and marrow;
 His talk o' h-ll, where devils dwell,
 Our vera 'Sauls' does harrow'

Wi' fright that day!

XXII.

A vast unbottom'd boundless pit,
 Fill'd fou o' lowin' brunstane,
 Wha's raging flame, an' scorching heat,
 Wad me't the hardest whun-stane!
 The half asleep start up wi' fear,
 An' think they hear it roaring,
 When presently it does appear,
 'Twas but some neebor snoring

Asleep that day.

* Shakespeare's Hamlet.

XXIII.

'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell
 How monie stories past,
 An' how they crouded to the yill,
 When they were a' dismiss:
 How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
 Among the furms and benches;
 An' cheese and bread, frae women's laps,
 Was dealt about in lunches,
 An' dawds that day.

XXIV.

In comes a gaucie, gash guidwife,
 An' sits down by the fire,
 Syne draws her kebuck an' her knife,
 The lasses they are shyer.
 The auld Guidmen about the Grace,
 Frae side to side they bother,
 'Til some ane by his bonnet lays,
 An' gi'es them't like a tether,
 Fu' lang that day.

XXV.

Wae'nicks! for him that gets nae lase,
 Or lasses that hae naething!
 Sm? need hās he to say a grace,
 Or melvie his braw claithing!
 O Wives! be mindfu' ance yoursel,
 How bonie lads ye wanted,
 An' dinna, for a kebuck-heel,
 Let lasses be affronted
 On sic a day!

XXVI.

Now *Clinkumbell*, wi' rattlin' tow,
 Begins to jow an' croon ;
 Some swagger hame the best they dow,
 Some wait the afternoon.
 At flaps the billies halt and blink,
 Till lasses slip their shoon :
 Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,
 They re a' in famous tune
 For crack that day.

XXVII.

How monie hearts this day converts
 O' Sinners and o' Lasses !
 Their hearts o' stane gin night are gane,
 As fast as any flesh is.
 There's some are fou' o' love divine ;
 There's some are fou' o' brandy ;
 An' monie jobs that day begin,
 May end in Houghmagandie
 Some ither day.

The rising Moon began to glow
The distant *cumnock* hills out-owre;
To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r
I set mysel;
But whether she had three or four
I cou'd na tell—

I was come round about the hill,
And todlin down on *Willie's Mill*,
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
To keep me ficker;
Tho' leeward whyles, against my will
I took a bicker.

I there wi' *Something* does forgetter,
That pat me in an eerie fwithier;
An' awfu' scythe, out-owre ae thouter
Clear-dangling, hang;
A three tae'd leister on the ither
Lay, large an' lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
The queereft shape that e'er I faw,
For fient a wame it had ava,
And then its flanks,
They were as thin, as sharp an' fine',
As checks o' branks.

‘ Guid-een, quo’ I; ‘ Friend! hae ye been mawin,
‘ When ither folk are bufy fawin*?’

* This encounter happened in seed time, 1781.

It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',
 But naething spak;
 At length, says I, ' Friend, whare ye gaun,
 ' Will ye go back?'

It spak right howe—' My name is DEATH,
 ' But be na' fley'd,'—Quoth I, ' Guid faith,
 ' Ye're maybe come to flap my breath;
 ' But tent me, billie;
 ' I red ye well, tak care o' skaith,
 ' See, there's a gully!

' Gudeman,' quo' he, ' put up your whittle,
 ' I'm no design'd to try its mettle;
 ' But if I did, I wad be kittle
 ' To be misfeard,
 ' I wad na' mind it, no that spittle
 ' Out owre my beard.'

' Weel, weel!' says I, ' a bargain be't;
 ' Come gies your hand, an' fae we're gree't.
 ' We'll eafe our shanks an' tak a feat,
 ' Come, gies your news!
 ' This while* ye hae been mony a gate,
 ' At mony a house.'

' Ay, ay, quo' he; an' shook his head,
 ' It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed

* An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.

‘ Sin’ I began to nick the thread,
 ‘ An’ choke the breath :
 ‘ Folk maun do something for their bread,
 ‘ An fae maun *Death*.

‘ Sax thousand years are near hand fled
 ‘ Sin’ I was to the butching bred,
 ‘ And mony a scheme in vain’s been laid,
 ‘ To flap or fear me ;
 ‘ Till ane *Hornbook’s** ta’en up the trade,
 ‘ And faith, he’ll waur me.

‘ Ye ken *Jock Hornbook* i’ the Clachan,
 ‘ Deil mak his king’s-hood in a spleuchan !
 ‘ He’s grown fae weel acquaint wi’ *Bu-ban*†,
 ‘ And ither chaps,
 ‘ The weans hand out their fingers laughin,
 ‘ And pouk my hips.

‘ See, here’s a scyth, and there’s a dart,
 ‘ They hae pierc’d mony a gallant heart ;
 But Doctor *Hornbook*, wi’ his art
 ‘ And curied skill,
 ‘ Has made them baith no worth a f—t,
 ‘ D—n’d haet they’ll kill !

* This gentleman, Dr. Hornbook, is, professionally, a brother of the sovereign Order of the Ferula ; but, by intuition and inspiration, is at once an Apothecary, Surgeon, and Physician.

† *Buchan’s Domestic Medicine*.

' Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen,
 ' I threw a noble throw at ane ;
 ' Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain ;
 But deil-ma care !
 ' It just play'd dirl on the bane,
 ' But did nae mair.

' *Hornblow* was by, wi' ready art,
 ' And had fae fortify'd the part,
 ' That when I looked to my dart,
 ' It was fae blunt,
 ' Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
 ' Of a kail runt.

' I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
 ' I nearhand cowpit wi' my hurry,
 ' But yet the bauld *Apothecary*.
 ' Withstood the shock,
 ' I might as weel hae try'd a quarry
 ' O' hard whin-rock.

' E'en them he canna get attended,
 ' Altho' their face he ne'er had kend it,
 ' Just sn — in a kail-blade and send it,
 ' As soon's he smells't,
 ' Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
 ' At once he tells't.

' And then a doctor's saws and whittles,
 ' Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles,

‘ They’ll a be trench’d wi’ mony a sleugh,
 ‘ In twa three year.

‘ Where I kill’d ane, a fair strae-death,
 ‘ By losf o’ blood, or want o’ breath,
 ‘ This night I’m free to tak my aith,
 ‘ That *Hornbook’s* skill
 ‘ Has clad a score i’ their last claith,
 ‘ By drap and pill.

‘ An honest Wabster to his trade,
 ‘ Whase wife’s twa nieves were scarce weel bred,
 ‘ Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
 ‘ When it was fair;
 ‘ The wife slae cannie to her bed,
 ‘ But ne’er spak mair.

‘ A Countra Laird had ta’en the batrs,
 ‘ Or some cormurring in his guts,
 ‘ His only son for *Hornbook* sets,
 ‘ An pays him well,
 ‘ The lad, for twa guid gimmer pets,
 ‘ Was Laird himsel.

‘ A bonie lass, ye kend her name,
 ‘ Some ill-brewn drink had hov’d her wame,
 ‘ She trusts hersel to hide her shame,
 ‘ In *Hornbook’s* care;
 ‘ *Horn* sentt her aff to her lang hame,
 ‘ To hide it there.

' That's just a swatch o' *Hornbook's* way,
 ' Thus goes he on from day to day,
 ' Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
 ' An's weel paid for't;
 ' Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey,
 ' Wi' his d-mn'd dirt!

' But hark! I'll tell you of a plot,
 ' Tho' dinna ye be speakin' o't;
 ' I'll nail the self-conceited Sor,
 ' As dead's a herrin;
 ' Nienst time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
 ' He gets his fairin!

But just as he began to tell,
 The auld kirk hammer strak the bell
 Some wee short hour ayont the twal,
 Which rais'd us baith;
 I took the way that pleas'd mysel,
 And sae did *Death*.

O dear nie my own sign o' lains
 And your own sign o' lains
 But the letter heart o' lains love
 The good o' lains lains
 We may be just. Robin and I
 Light as the lains love o' lains
 Lains o' lains lains lains
 What mean the lains lains o' lains

THE
BRIGS OF AYR.
A POEM.

INSCRIBED TO J. B****, ESQ. AYR.

THE simple bard, rough at the rustic plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough ;
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
Hailing the setting-sun, sweet in the greenthorn
bush,
The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild whistling o'er the
hill ;
Shall he, mark'd in the Peasant's lowly shed,
By hardy independance bravely bred,
By early poverty to hardship steel'd,
And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field,
Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
The servile, mercenary Swifts of rhymes ?
Or labour hard the panegyric close,
With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose :

No! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
 And throws his hands uncouthly o'er the strings,
 He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
 Fame, honest Fame, his great, his dear reward.
 Still if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace,
 Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace;
 When B***** befriends his humble name,
 And hands the rustic Stranger up to fame;
 With heart felt throws his grateful bosom swells,
 The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter hap,
 And thack and rape secure the toil won crop;
 Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skaith
 Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath;
 The bees rejoicing o'er their summer toils
 Unnumber'd buds and flow'rs delicious spoils,
 Seal'd up with frugal care in massive, waxen piles,
 Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
 The death o' devils, smoor'd wi brimstone reek;
 The thundering guns are heard on every side,
 The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
 The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
 Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie;
 (What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds,
 And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
 Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs;
 Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings.

Except perhaps the Robin's whistling glee,
 Proud o'er the height o' some bit half lang tree :
 The hoary morns precede the sunnay days,
 Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noon-tide blaze,
 While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays. }

'Twas in that season, when a simple bard
 Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
 Ae night, within the ancient brugh of *Ayr*,
 By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care,
 He left his bed, and took his wayward rout,
 And down by *Simpson's** wheel'd the left about :
 (Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
 To witness what I after shall narrate ;
 Or whether wrapt in meditation high,
 He wander'd out he knew not where nor why)
 The drowsy *Dungeon-clock*† had number'd two,
 And *Wallace-tow'r*† had sworn the fact was true :
 The tide-swoln Firth, with fallen sounding roar
 Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore :
 All else was hush'd as Nature's clos'd e'e ;
 The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree :
 The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
 Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream.—

* A noted tavern at the *Auld Brig* end.

† The two Steeple.

When, lo! on either hand the list'ning Bard,
 The clanging fough of whistling wings is heard;
 Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
 Swift as the *Gos** drives on the wheeling hare;
 Ane on th' *Auld Brig* his airy shape uprears,
 The ither flutters o'er the *rising piers*:
 Our Warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd
 The Sprites that o'er the *Brigs of Ayr* preside:
 (That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
 And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk;
 Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
 And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them.)
Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
 The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face;
 He seem'd as he wi' time had wrestled lang,
 Yet, toughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
New Brig was buskit in a braw, new coat,
 That, he at *Lon'on*, frae ane *Adams* got;
 In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
 Wi' virls and whirligigums at the head.
 The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
 Spying the time-worn flaws in every arch;
 It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,
 And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he!
 Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
 He, down the water, gies him this guideen—

* The gos-hawk, or falcon.

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep shank,
 Ance ye were streckit owre frae bank to bank!
 But gin ye be a Brig as auld as me,
 Tho' faith, that date, I doubt ye'll never see;
 There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle,
 Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but shew your little menfe,
 Just much about it wi' your scanty senfe,
 Will your poor narrow foot path of a street,
 Where twa wheel barrows tremble when they meet;
 Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane and lime,
 Compare wi' bonie Brigs o' modern time?
 There's men o' taste would tak the *Ducat stream**,
 Tho' they should cast the vera fark an' swim,
 Ere they would grate their feelings with the view
 Of sic an ugly Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
 This mony a year I've flood the flood an tide;
 And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm fair forfairn,
 I'll be a *Brig* when ye're a shapeless cairn!
 As yet ye little ken about the matter,
 But twa-three winters will inform ye better.

* A noted ford just above the Auld Brig.

When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day-rains
 Wi' deep'ning deluges o'erflow the plains;
 When from the hills where springs the brawling *Coil*,
 Or stately *Lugar's* mossy fountains boil;
 Or where the *Greenock* winds his moorland course,
 Or haunted *Garpal* * draws his feeble source,
 Arous'd by blust'ring winds an' spotting thowes,
 In mony a torrent down the snaw broo rowes;
 While crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat,
 Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;
 And from *Glenbuck*,† down to *Ratton-key*,‡
 Auld *Ayr* is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea;
 Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor you never rise!
 And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies;
 A lesson, sadly teaching, to your cost,
 That Architecture's noble art is lost!

NEW BRIG.

Fine *architecture*, trowth, I needs must say o't!
 The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!
 Gaunt, ghaistly, ghaist-alluring edefices,
 Hanging with threat'ning jut like precipices;

* The banks of *Garpal-Water* is one of the few places in the West of Scotland where those fancy-fearing beings, known by the name of *Ghaists*, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.

† The source of the river of *Ayr*.

‡ A small landing-place above the large *key*.

O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
 Supporting roofs, fantastic, stony groves :
 Windows and doors in nameless sculptures dress'd,
 With order, symmetry, or taste unblest ;
 Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream,
 The craz'd creations of misguided whim ;
 Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
 And still the *secund dread command* be free,
 Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea. }
 Mansions that would disgrace the building-taste
 Of any mason, reptile, bird or beast ;
 Fit only for a doited Monkish race,
 Or frothy maids forsworn the dear embrace,
 Or criss of later times, wha held the notion,
 That sullen gloom was sterling true devotion :
 Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection,
 And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection !

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear remember'd, ancient yealings,
 Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings !
 Ye worthy *Provostes*, and mony a *Dailie*,
 Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay ;
 Ye *teasing Deditions*, an' ye *douce Concealers*,
 To whom o'er moderns are but *causye-cleaners* ;
 Ye godly *Councils*, wha hae blest this town ;
 Ye godly *Brithren* o' the sacred gown,
 Wha needily gae your *hardies* to the *smilers* ;
 And (what would now be strange) ye godly *Writers* :

A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
 Were ye but here, what would you say or do !
 How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
 To see each melancholy alteration ;
 And, agonizing, curse the time and place
 When ye begat the base, degen'rate race !
 Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,
 In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story :
 Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an douce,
 Meet owre a pint, or in the Council House ;
 But ilaumrel, corkey-headed, Graceless Gentry,
 The herryment and ruin of the country ;
 Men, three-parts made by Taylors and by Barbers,
 Wha waste your weel hain'd gear on d — d *new Brigs*
 and *Harbours*.

NEW BRIG.

Now hand you there ! for faith ye've said enough,
 And muckle mair than ye can mak to through.
 As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,
Corbies and *Clergy* are a shot-right kittle :
 But, under favour o' your langer beard,
 Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spared ;
 To liken them to your auld-wauld squad ;
 I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
 In *Ayr*, Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle
 To mouth ' A Citizen,' a term o' scandal ;
 Nae mair the Council waddles down the *Reed*,
 In all the pomp of ignorant conceit ;

Men wha grew wise priggish owre hops an' raisins,
 Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bond and Scissins :
 If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
 Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp,
 And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them,
 Plain, dull Stupidity slept kindly in to aid them.

What farther clishmaclaver might beén said,
 What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
 No man can tell ; but all before their fight,
 A fairy-train appear'd in order bright :
 Adown the glitt'ring stream they featly danc'd ;
 Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd ;
 They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
 The infant-ice scarce bent beneath their feet :
 While arts of Minstrelsy among them rung,
 And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung.

O had *M'Lauchlan*,* thairm-inspiring Sage,
 Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
 When thro' his dear *Strath peys* they bore with
 Highland rage ;
 Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs
 The lover's raptur'd joys, or bleeding cares ;
 How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,
 And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd !

* A well-known performer of Scottish music on the violin.

No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
 But all the soul of Music's self was heard;
 Harmonious concert rung in every part,
 While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
 A venerable Chief advanc'd in years!
 His hoary head with water-lillies crown'd,
 His manly leg with garter-tangle bound,
 Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
 Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with spring;
 Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
 And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye:
 All-cheering plenty, with her flowing horn,
 Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn;
 Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
 By Hospitality with cloudless brow;
 Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,
 From where the *Beal* wild-woody coverts hide;
 Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
 A female form, came from the tow'rs of *Stair*;
 Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,
 From simple *Catrine*, their long-lov'd abode:
 Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazel wreath,
 To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
 The broken, iron instruments of Death;
 At sight of whom our Sprites forgot their kindling
 wrath.

THE
ORDINATION.

*For sense they little owe to frugal Heaven—
To please the Mib they hide the little gi'n.*

I.

K***** Wabsters, fidge an' claw,
An' pour your creeshie nations;
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
Of a' denominations;
Swiith to the *Laigh-Kirk*, ane an' a',
An' there tak up your stations;
Then aff to *B-gh*-is in a raw,
And pour divine libations,
For joy this day.

II.

Curst Common-sense, that imp o' h-ll,
Came in wi' ^DMaggie Lauder;*
But O***** aft made her yell,
An' R***** sa'r misca'd her:
This day M***** takes the flail,
An' he's the Loy will blaud her!
He'll clap a *shangan* on her tail,
An' set the bairns to daud her
Wi' dirt this day.

* Alluded to a Scottish Ballad which was made on the admission of the late Reverend and worthy Mr. L——— to the *Laigh Kirk*.

III.

Mak haste an' turn King David owre,
 An lilt wi' holy clanger ;
 O' double verse come gie us four,
 An' skirl up the Bangor :
 This day the Kirk kicks up a floure,
 Nae mare the knaves shall wrang her,
 For Heresy is in her pow'r,
 And gloriously she'll whang her
 Wi' pith this day,

IV.

Come, let a proper text be read,
 An' touch it off wi' vigour,
 How graceless *Ham** leugh at his Dad,
 Which made *Canaan* a Neger ;
 Or *Phineas*† drove the murdering blade,
 W' wh-re abhorring rigour ;
 Or *Zipporah*,‡ the scaldin' jad,
 Was like a bluidy tiger
 I' the inn that day,

V.

There, try his mettle on the creed,
 And bind him down w' caution,
 That *Stipend* is a carnal weed
 He takes but for the fashion ;

* Genesis, ch. ix. vers. 24.

† Numbers, ch. xxv. vers. 8.

‡ Exodus, ch. iv vers. 24.

And gie him o'er the flock to feed,
 And punish each transgression ;
 Especial, *rams* that cross the breed,
 Gie them sufficient threshin,
 Spare them nae day:

VI.

Now auld K*****, cock thy tail,
 An' tofs thy horns fu' canty ;
 Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale,
 Because thy pasture's scanty ;
 For lapfu's large o' *gospel-kail*
 Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
 An' *runts* o' *grace* they pick an' wale,
 No gien by way o' dainty,
 But ilka day.

VII.

Nae mair by *Babel's streams* we'll weep,
 To think upon our *Zion* ;
 And hang our fiddles up to sleep,
 Like baby-clouts a-dryin :
 Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep
 And o'er the thairms be tryin ;
 Oh, rare ! to see our elbucks wheep,
 And a' like lamb-tails flyin
 Fu' fast this day !

VIII.

Lang *Patronage*, wi' red o' airn,
 Has shor'd the *Kirk's* undoin,
 As lately *F-nw-ck*, fair forfairn,
 Has proven to it's ruin :

Our Patron, honest man! *Gl* ———

He saw mischief was brewin':
And like a godly, elect bairn,
He's wal'd us out a true ane,
And found this day.

IX.

Now R***** harangue nae mair,
But seek your gab for ever;
Or try the wicked town of A——,
For there they'll think you clever;
Or nae reflection on your lear;
Ye may commence a Shaver;
Or to the *Nith-ri-n* repair,
And turn a carpet weaver
Aff hand this day.

X.

M* * * and you were just a match,
We never had sic rwa drones;
Auld *Horne* did the *Lagh-K'k* watch,
Just like a winkin' baudrons;
And ay he catch'd the tither wretch,
To fry them in his caudrons;
But now his Honour maun detach
Wi' a his brimstone squadrons,
Fast, fast this day.

XI.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes,
She's swingin thro' the city!
Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays!
I vow it's unco pretty:

There, Learning, with his Greekish face,
 Grunts out some Latin ditty ;
 And Common-Sense is gaun, she says,
 To make to *Jamie Beattie*
 Her plaint this day.

XII.

But there's morality himself,
 Embracing all opinions ;
 Hear, how he gies the tither yell,
 Between his twa companions !
 See, how he peels the skin an' fell
 As ane were peeling onions !
 Now there, they're packed aff to h-ll,
 And banish'd our dominions,
 Henceforth this day.

XIII.

Ohappy day ! rejoice, rejoice !
 Come bouse about the porter !
 M****'s demure decoys
 - She's here nae mair find quarter :
 M****, R****, are the boys
 That Hussy can torture ;
 They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse,
 And cov' her measure shorter
 By the' head some day.

XIV.

Come, bring the richer matchkin in,
 And here's, for a conclusion,

To ev'ry *New-Light** mother's ion,
 From this time forth, Confusion;
 If mair they deave us wi' their din,
 Or Patronage intrusion,
 We'll hight a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,
 We'll rin them aff in fution

Like oil, some day.

* *New-Light*, is a cant-phrafe, in the West of Scotland, for those religious opinions which Dr. Taylor of Norwich has defended so strenuously.

THE
C A L F.

TO THE REV. MR.——, ON HIS TEXT, MALACHI,
CH. IV. VERS. 2. ‘*And they shall go forth, and
grow up, like CALVES of the stall.*’

RIGHT, Sir! your text I’ll prove it true
Tho’ Heretics may laugh;
For instance, there’s yourself just now,
God knows, an unco *Calf*!

And should some Patron be so kind,
As bless you wi’ a kirk,
I doubtna, Sir, but then we’ll find,
Ye’re still as great a *Stirk*!

But if the Lover’s raptur’d hour,
Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, ev’ry heav’nly Power,
You e’er should be a *Stot*!

Tho', when some kind connubial Dear
 Your butt-and-ben adorns,
 The like has been that you may wear
 A noble head of *Horns* !

And, in your lug, most reverend J——
 To hear you roar and rowte,
 Few men o' sense, will doubt your claims
 To rank amang the *Nowte* !

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
 Below a grassy hillock,
 Wi' justice they may mark your head—
 ' Here lies a famous *Bullock* !'

ADDRESS

TO THE

D E I L.

*O Prince! O Chief of many throned Pow'rs,
That led th' embattl'd Seraphim to war.—*

MILTON.

O THOU! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' footie,
Clos'd under hatches,
Spairges about the brunflane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, auld *Hangie*, for a wee,
An' let poor damned bodies be;
I'm sure frae' pleasure it can gie,
Ev'n to a *deil*,
To ikelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel!

Great is thy pow'r, and great thy fame;
Far kend an' noted is thy name;
An' tho' yon lowin heugh's thy hame,
Thou travels far;
An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, ranging like a roaring lion,
 For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin ;
 Whyles, on the strong-wing'd Tempest flyin,
 Tirlin' the birks ;
 Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
 Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my reverend *Graunie* say,
 In lanely glens ye like to stray ;
 Or where auld ruin'd castles, gray,
 Nod to the moon,
 Ye fright the nightly wand'ers way,
 With eidritch croon.

When twilight did my *Graunie* summon,
 To say her pray'rs, douce, honest woman !
 Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin,
 Wi' eerie drone ;
 Or, rustlin, thro' the boctries comin,
 Wi' heavy-groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
 The stars shot down wi' sklentim light ;
 Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
 Ayont the lough ;
 Ye, like a rash-buff, stood in fight,
 Wi' waving fugh.

The cudgel in my niece's hand shak,
 Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
 When wi' an eilditch stoop, quack, quack,
 Among the springs,

Awa' ye squatter'd like a drake,
On whistling wings.

Let *Warlocks* grim, an' wither'd *hags*,
Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags,
Wi' wicked speed :
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
Owre howk't dead.

Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirk in vain !
For, O ! the yellow treasure's taen
By witching skill ;
An' dawtit', twal-pint *Hawkie's* gaen
As-yell's the Bill.

Thence, mystic knots mak' great abuse,
On young Guidmen, fond, keen an' cruese ;
When the best warklume i' the house,
By cantrip wit,
Is instant made no worth a lousé,
Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoor'd,
An' float the jinglin icy boord,
Then, *Water-kelpies* haunt the foord,
By your direction,
An' knighted Trav'lers are allur'd
To their destruction.

An' aft' your moss-traverfing *Spunkies*
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is :
The bleezin, curst, mischievous monkeys
Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he funk is :
Ne'er mair to rise.

When *Mason's* mystic word an' grip,
In storms an' tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat, your rage maun stop,
Or, strange to tell !
The youngest Brother, ye wad whip
Aff straight to h-ll.

Lang syne in *Eden's* bonie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
An' all the soul of love they shar'd,
The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant flow'ry fwaird,
In shady bow'r.

Then you, ye auld, snick drawing dog!
Ye cam to Paradise incog,
An' play'd on man a curf'd brogue,
(Black be your fa'!)
An' gied the infant warld a shog,
'Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day when in a bizz,
 Wi' reekit duds, and reeffit gizz,
 Ye did present your smoutie phiz,
 'Mang better folk,
 An' skinted on the *Mian of Uzz*.
 Your spitefu' joke?

An' how you gat him i' your thrall,
 An' brak him out o' house and hal',
 While scabs an' botches did him gall,
 Wi' bitter claw,
 An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked Scawl,
 Was warst ava?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
 Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce,
 Sin' that day *Michael** did you pierce,
 Down to this time,
 Wad ding a Lallan tongue or Erse,
 In prose or rhyme.

An' now, auld *Cloot*, I ken ye're thinkin,
 A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,
 Some lackless hour will fend him linkin
 To your black pit;
 But faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin,
 An' cheat you yet.

* Vide MILTON, Book VI.

But, fare ye weel, auld *Nickie-ben* !
O wad ye tak a thought an' men' !
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a *stake*—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake ?

THE
DEATH AND DYING WORDS
OF
POOR MAILIE,

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

An Umco Mourfu' Tale.

AS *Mailie*, an' her lambs thegither,
Was ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she cooft a hitch,
An' owre the warst'd in the ditch:
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When *Hugh.c** he cam doytin by.

Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's,
Poor *Hugh.c* like a statue stan's;
He saw her days were near hand ended,
But, wae's my heart! he could na mend it!
He gaped wide, but naething spak,
At length poor *Mailie* silence brak:

O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' case!

* Neibor herd-caller.

My *dying-words* attentive hear,
An' bear them to my master dear.

' Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
O, bid him never tie them mair
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair!
But ca' them out to park or hill,
An' let them wander at their will:
So may his flock increase, an' grow
To scores o' Lambs and packs of woo'!

' Tell him, he was a Master kin',
An' ay was guid to me an mine;
An' now my dying-charge, I gie him,
My helpless lambs, I trust them wi' him.

' O, bid him save their harmless lives,
Frae dogs an' tods, an' butcher's knives!
But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel;
An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
Wi' teats o' hay an' rips o' corn.

' An' may they never learn the gaets
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' pets!
To sink thro' flaps, an' reave an' steal,
At stacks o' pease, or flocks o' kail.
So may they, like their great forbears,
For monie a year come thro' the sheers:

So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
An' bairns greet for them when they're dead.

' My poor *toop lamb*, my son an' heir,
O, bid him breed him up wi' care!
An' if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havens in his breast!
An' warn him, what I winna name,
To stay content, wi' yowes at hame;
An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
Like ither menfeels, graceless brutes.

' An' neist my *yowie*, filly thing,
Gude keep thee frae a tether string!
O, may thou ne'er forgather up
Wi' ony blafit, moorland toop;
But ay keep mind to moop and mell
Wi' sheep o' credit like thyself!

' And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
I lea'e my bleffin wi' you baith:
An' when you think upo' your Mither,
Mind to be kind to ane anither.

' Now, honest *Hughie*, dinna fail
To tell my Mither, a' my tale;
An' bid him loon this cursed tether,
An' for thy pains thou'lt get my blather.'

This said, poor *Mattie* turn'd her head,
An' clos'd her een among the dead!

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
 Wi' faut tears trickling down your nose ;
 Our Bardie's fate is at a close,

Past a' remead !

The last sad cape-stone of his woes ;

Poor Mailie's dead.

'Tis no the loss o' world's gear,
 That cou'd sae bitter draw the tear,
 Or mak our Bardie, dowie, wear

The mourning weed :

He's lost a friend and neebor dear,

In Mailie dead.

Thro' a' the toun she trotted by him ;
 A lang half mile she could disery him ;
 Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,

She ran wi' speed :

A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,

Than Mailie dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
 An' could behave herse' wi' mense :
 I'll say't, she never brak a fence,

Thro' thievish greed,

Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the Spence

Sin' Mailie's dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her living image in her yowe,
Comes bleating to him ow're the knowe,
For bits o' bread;
An' down the briny pearls rowe
For *Mailie* dead.

She was nae get o' moorland tips,
Wi' tawit ket, an' hairy hips;
For her forbears were brought in ships,
Frae yont the *Tweed*!
A bonier *flesh* ne'er cross'd the clips
Than *Maillie's* dead.

Wae worth the man wha' first did shape
That vile wanchancie thing—a rape!
It maks guid fellows girn an' gape
Wi' chokin dread;
An' Robin's bonnet weave wi' crape
For Maillie's dead.

O, a' ye Bards an' bonie *Doon!*
An' wha on *Air* your chanter's tune!
Come, join the melancholious croon
O *Robin's* reed!
His heart will never get aboon!
His *Mairie's* dead.

TO

J. S * * * *

*Friendship! mysterious cement of the firm;
Sweetener of Life and folder of Society!
I owe thee much.——*

BLAIR.

DEAR S****, the flecest, packie thie',
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
Ye surely hae some warlock breef
Owre human hearts;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts

For me, I swear by sun an' moon,
And every star that blinks aboon,
Ye've coit me twenty pair' of thoon
Just gane to be you;
And every ither pair that's done,
Mair t'ken I'm o' you.

That auld capricious carlie, Fanny,
To mak amends for her impet' nature,
She's turn'd you off, a human creature,
On her list plan
And in her freaks, on every feature,

She's wrote, the

Just now I've tae'n the fit o' rhyme,
 My barmie noddle's working prime,
 My fancy yerket up sublime

Wi' hasty fummon;
 Hae ye a leisure moment's time
 To hear what's comin'!

Some rhyme a-needbor's name to lash;
 Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu' cash,
 Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
 An' raise a din;
 For me, an aim I never fash;
 I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
 Has fated me the ruffet coat,
 An' damn'd my fortune to the groat;
 But in requit,
 Has blest me with a random shot
 O' countra wit.

This while my notion's ta'en asklent,
 To try my fate in guid black *prent*;
 But still the mair I'm that way bent,
 Something cries, 'Hoolie!
 'I red you, honest man, tak tent!
 'Ye'll shaw your folly.

'There's ither Poets, much your better,
 'Far seen in *Greek*, deep men o' letters,

‘ Hae thought they had enfur’d their debtors,
 ‘ A’ future ages ;
 ‘ Now moths deform in shapeless tatters
 ‘ Their unknown pages.’

Then farewe’ll hopes o’ laurel boughs,
 To garland my poetic brows !
 Henceforth I’ll rove where busy ploughs,
 Are whistling thrang,
 An’ teach the lanely heights an’ howes
 My rustic sang.

I’ll wander on with tentl’s heed,
 How never-halting moments speed,
 Till fate shall snap the brittle thread :
 Then, all unknown,
 I’ll lay me with the inglorious dead,
 Forgot and gone !

But why, o’ death, begin a tale ?
 Just now we’re living found an’ hale !
 Then top and main-top cloud the sail,
 Heave Care o’erside !
 And large, before enjoyment’s gale,
 Let’s tak the tide.

This life, fae far’s I understand,
 Is a’ enchanted fairy-land,
 E 2

Where pleasure is the magic wand,
 That, wielded right,
 Makes Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,
 Dance by fa' light.

The magic wand then let us wield;
 For, ance that five-an'-forty's speeld,
 See, crazy, weary, joyless Eild,
 Wi' wrinkl'd face,
 Comes loolin, hirplin owre the field;
 Wi' creeping pace.

When ance *life's day* draws near the gloam;
 Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin;
 An' fareweel clearfu' tankards foamin,
 An' foal noise;
 An' fareweel dear deluding woman,
 The joy of joys!

O Life! how pleasaunt is thy mornin,
 Young Fancy's rays the hills adornin!
 Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scornin,
 We frisk away,
 Like school boys, at th' expected warnin,
 To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
 We eye the rose grow on the brier,
 Unmindfu' that the thorn is near,
 Among the leaves;

And tho' the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
For which they never toil'd nor swat;
They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
No care or pain;
And, happy, eye the barren hut
With high disdain.

With steady aim, come Fortune chase;
Keen Hope does e'er'y snaw brace;
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
And seize the prey;
Then canie, in some cozie place,
They close the day.

And others, like your humble servan',
Poor wights! nae rule nor roads observin';
T'e right or left, ster'd u' fawerin',
They zig-zag on;
Till cunst with age, obscure an' farvin',
They after groan.

Alas! what bitter toil an' flinain'—
But trace with peevish, poor complainin'!
Is Fortune's fickle *Luna* wainin'?

E'en let her gang!
Beneath what light she has remainin',
Let's sing our sang.

My pen I here fling to the door,
 And kneel, ' Ye Pow'rs ! and warm implore,
 ' Tho' I should wander *Terra* o'er,

' In all her climes,

' Grant me but this, I ask no more,

' Ay rowth o' rhymes.

' Gie dreeping roasts to countra Lairds,

' Till icicles hing frae their beards ;

' Gie fine brae claes to fine Life-guards,

' And Maids of honour,

' And yill an' whisky gie to Cairds,

' Until the sconner.

' A Title, *Dempster* merits it ;

' A garter gie to *Willie-Pit* ;

' Gie Wealth to some be-leger'd Cit,

' In cent. per cent.

' But give me real, sterling Wit,

' And I'm content.

' While ye are pleas'd to keep me hale,

' I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,

' Be't *water-brose*, or *mysslin-kail*,

' Wi' chearfu' face,

' As lang's the muses dinna fail

' To say the grace.

Wadst I—but I shall haud me there—
 Wi' you I'll scarce gang *ony where*--
 Then *Yonic*, I shall say nae mair,
 But grat my fang,
 Content with *you* to mak a pair,
 Where'er I gang.

A DREAM.

*Thoughts, words, and deeds, the Statute blames with reason;
But surely DREAMS were ne'er indicted Treason.*

(On reading, in the public papers, the *Laureate's Ode*, with the other parade of June 4, 1796. the Author was no sooner dopt asleep, than he imagined himself transported to the Birth-day Levee; and, in his dreaming fancy, made the following *Address*.)

I.

GUID MORNIN to your *Majesty*!

May Heaven augment your blisses,

On every new *Birth-day* ye see,

An humble Bardie wishes!

My Bardship here at your Levee,

On sic a day as this is,

Is sure an uncouth sight to see,

Amang the Birth day dresses

Sae fine this day.

II.

I see ye're complimented thrang
 By many a lord an' lady ;
 ' God save the King ! ' 's a cuckoo sang
 That's unco easy said ay ;
 The Poets, too, a venal gang,
 Wi' rhymes weel turn'd and ready,
 Wad gar you true ye ne'er do wrang,
 But ay unerring ready,
 On sic a day.

III.

For me! before a monarch's face,
 Ev'n there I winna flatter ;
 For neither Pension, Post, nor Place,
 Am I your humble debtor :
 So, nae reflection on *Your Grace*,
 Your Kingship to bespatter ; -
 There's monie waur been o' the Race,
 And aiblins ane been better
 Than you this day.

IV.

'Tis very true, my sovereign King,
 My skill may weel be doubted :
 But Fa's is Chieft that winna ding,
 An' downa be disputed :
 Our royal Nest, beneath your wings,
 Is e'en right rest and clouted,
 And now the third part of the string,
 An' less, will gang about it,
 Than did ae day.

V.

Far be't frae me that I aspire
 To blame your legislation,
 Or say, ye wisdom want or fire
 To rule this mighty nation ;
 But, faith ! I muckle doubt, my *Sire* ;
 Ye've trusted Ministration
 To chaps, wha in a barn or byre,
 Wad better fill'd their station
 Than courts yon day.

VI.

And now ye've gi'en auld *Brit* in peace,
 Her broken shins to plaster,
 Your fair taxation does her fleece,
 'Till she has scarce a tatter ;
 For me, thank God ! my life's a *lease*,
 Nae bargain wearing faster,
 Or, faith ! I fear that wi' the geese,
 I shortly boost to pasture
 I'the craft some day.

VII.

I'm no mistrusting *Willie Pitt* ,
 When taxes he enlarges,
 (An' *Will's* a true good fellow's get,
 A name not Envy spangles,)
 That he intends to pay your debt,
 An' lessen a' your charges :
 But, G-d-fake ! let nae *saving-fit*
 Abridge your bonny Barges
 An' Boats this day.

VIII.

Adieu, my *Liege*! may Freedom geck

Beneath your high protection;

An' may ye wrax Corruption's neck

And gie her for dissection!

But sin' I'm here, I'll no neglect,

In royal, true affection,

To pay your *Grace*, with due respect,

My fealty an' subjection

This great birth-day:

IX.

Hail, *Majesty most Excellent*!

While Naves strive to please Ye,

Will ye accept a compliment

A simple Bardie gies Ye?

Thae bonny Bairntime Heav'n has lent,

Still higher may they heeze Ye

In lifts, till Fate some day is sent

Forever to release Ye

Frae care that day.

X.

For you, young *Potentate o' W—*,

I tell you *glibly* fairly,

Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,

I'm tauld ye's darning rarely

But some day ye'll rue your nails,

As I can tell you telly fairly,

That ye'll sink *Deana's* pales,

Or mangle dunc wi' *Charlie*

By night or day.

XI.

Yet aft a ragged *Cowt's* been known
 To make a nobler *Aiver* ;
 Sae ye may douncely fill a throne,
 For a their clish-ma-claver :
 There *Him** at *Agincourt* wha shone,
 Few better were or braver ;
 And yet, wi' funny, queer *Sir John†*
 He was an unco shaver,
 For monie a day,

XII.

For you, right rev'red O ———g,
 Nane sets the *lawn-sleeve* sweeter,
 Altho' a ribban at your lug
 Wad been a drefs completer :
 As ye disown you paughty dog
 That bears the keys o' Peter,
 Then, swith ! an get a wife to hug,
 Or, trowth ! ye'll stain the Mitre
 Some luckless day.

XIII.

Young, royal *Tarry-brecks*, I learn,
 Ye've lately come athwart her ;
 A glorious *Galley*† stem and stern,
 Weel rigg'd for *Venus'* banner ;
 But first hang out, that she'll discern,

* King Henry.

† Sir John Falstaff. See Shakspeare.

‡ Alluding to the News-paper account of a certain
 Royal Sailor's amour.

Your hymeneal charter,
 Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
 An' large upo' her quarter
 Come full that day.

XIV.

Ye, lastly, bonny blossoms a'
 Ye royal lasses dainty,
 Heaven mak you guid as weel as braw,
 An' gie you lads a-plenty :
 But finer na *British* boys awa',
 For kings are unco scant ay ;
 An' German Gentles are but *ima'*,
 They're better just than *want* ay
 On onie day.

XV.

God blefs you a'!— consider now
 Ye're unco muckle dautet ;
 But ere the *course* o' life be through,
 It may be better fauted :
 An' I hae seen their *cogie* fou,
 That yet hae tarrow't at it ;
 But or the *day* was done, I trow,
 The laggen they hae clautet
 Fu' clean that day.

THE
VISION.

DUAN FIRST.*

THE Sun had clos'd the winter day,
The curlers quat their roaring play,
An' hunger'd Maukin, ta'en her way
To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
Whare she has been.

The Thresher's weary *flinging-tree*
The lee-lang day had tired me;
And when the day had clos'd his e'e
Far i' the West,
Ben i' the *Spence*, right pensivelie,
I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle cheek,
I sat and ey'd the spewing reek,
That fill'd, wi' hoast provoking sneek,
The auld clay biggin,
And heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin.

**Duan*, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive Poem. See his *Cath-Loda*, vol. 2, of M'Pherson's Translation.

All in this motty, misty clime
 I backward mus'd on wastet time,
 How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
 An' done nae-thing.
 But stringin blethers up in rhyme
 For fools to sing?

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
 I might, by this, hae led a market,
 Or strutted in a Bank, and clarkit
 My cash account:
 While here, half mad, half-fed, half-farkit,
 Is a' th' amount.

I started, muft'ring, blockhead! coof!
 And heav'd on high my waukit loof,
 To swear by a' yon starry roof,
 Or some rash aith
 That I henceforth would be *rhyme-proof*
 Till my last breath—

When click! the firing the snick did draw,
 And jee! the door gaed to the wa'
 And by my ingle-lowe I saw,
 Now bleezin bright,
 A tight outlandish *Miazi*, braw,
 Come full in sight.

Ye needna doubt, I held my whicht ;
 The infant aith, half-form'd was crufat ;
 I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dufht

In fome wild glen,
 When sweet, like modest Worth, ſhe bluſht,
 And ſtepped ben.

Green, ſlender, leaf-clad *Holly b ughs*
 Were twiſted gracefu', round her brows,
 I took her for ſome *Scottiſh Muſe*,

By that ſame token ;
 And come to ſtop thoſe reckleſſ vows,
 Would ſoon been broken,

A “ hair-brained, ſentimental trace”
 Was ſtrongly marked in her face ;
 A wildly-witty, ruſtic grace

Shoae full upon her ;
 Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty ſpace,
 Beam'd keen with honour.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan ſheen,
 Till half a leg was ſcrimpily ſeen ;
 And ſuch a leg ! my bonny *Jean*

Could only peer it ;
 Sae ſtraught, ſae taper, tight and clean,
 Nane elſe came near.

Her *Mantle* large of greenish hue,
 My gazing wonder chiefly drew ;
 Deep *lights* and *shades*, bold-mingling threw
 A lustre grand ;
 And seem'd to my astonish'd view,
 A well known Land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost ;
 There mountains to the skies were tost ;
 Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast
 With furling foam ;
 There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,
 The lordly dome.

Here, *Doon*, pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods ;
 There, well-fed *Irwine* stately thuds ;
 Auld hermit *Ayr* flaw thro' his woods,
 On to the shore ;
 And many a lesser torrent scuds,
 With seeming roar.

Low in a sandy valley spread,
 An ancient *Borough* rear'd her head ;
 Still as in Scottish story read,
 She boasts a race,
 To every nobler virtue bred,
 And polish'd grace.

By stately tow'r, or palace fair,
 Or ruins pendent in the air,

Bold stems of Heroes, here and there,
 I could discern;
 Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
 With feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
 To see a Race* heroic wheel,
 And brandish round the deep dy'd steel
 In sturdy blows;
 While back-recoiling seemed to reel
 Their Suthron foes.

His COUNTRY'S SAVIOUR†, mark him well!
 Bold *Richardton's*‡ heroic swell;
 The Chief on *Sark*§ who glorious fell,
 In high command;
 And *He* whom ruthless Fates expell
 His native land.

* The Wallaces.

† William Wallace.

‡ Adam Wallace of Richardton, cousin to the immortal preserver of Scottish Independence.

§ Wallace Laird of Craigie, who was second in command under Douglas Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought ANNO 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.

Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
 To hand him on,
 Where many a Patriot-name on high
 And Hero shone.

DUAN SECOND.

With musing deep astonish'd stare,
 I view'd the heavenly-seeming *Fair*;
 A whisp'ring throng did witness bear
 Of kindred sweet,
 When with an elder Sister's air
 She did me greet.

' All hail! my own inspired Bard!
 ' In me thy native Muse begu'd!
 ' Nor longer mourn thy State as dead,
 ' Thus poorly lov'd!
 ' I come to give thee such reward
 ' As we deserve.

' Know, the great *Genius* of this land,
 ' Has many a light aerial band,
 ' Who, all beneath his high command,
 ' Att'nd him in his
 ' As Arts or Arms they understand,
 ' Their labour plan.

' They *Social's* Race among themselves;
 Some fire the Soldier on to war;

‘ Some rouse the Patriot up to bare
 ‘ Corruption’s heart :

‘ Some teach the Bard, a darling care,
 ‘ The tuneful art.

‘ ’Mong fwelling floods of reeking gore,
 ‘ They ardent, kindling spirits pour ;
 ‘ Or mid the venal Senate’s roar,
 ‘ They, fightless, stand,
 ‘ To mend the honest Patriot-lore,
 ‘ And grace the hand.

‘ And when the Bard, or hoary Sage,
 ‘ Charm or instruct the future age,
 ‘ They bind the wild Poetic rage
 ‘ In energy,
 ‘ Or point the inconclusive page
 ‘ Full on the eye.

‘ Hence, *Fullarton*, the brave and young,
 ‘ Hence, *Dembster*’s zeal-inspired tongue ;
 ‘ Hence, sweet harmonious *Beattie* sung
 ‘ His “ Minstrel lays ;”
 ‘ Or tore, with noble ardour flung,
 ‘ The *Sceptic*’s bays.

‘ To lower orders are assign’d
 ‘ The humble ranks of Human kind,
 ‘ The rustic Bard, the lab’ring Hind,
 ‘ The Artisan ;

‘ All chuse, as various they’re inclin’d,
 ‘ The various man.

‘ When yellow waves the heavy grain,
 ‘ The threat’ning storm, some strongly rein;
 ‘ Some teach to meliorate the plain
 ‘ With tillage-skill;
 ‘ And some instruct the Shepherd train,
 ‘ Blythe o’er the hill.

‘ Some hint the Lover’s harmless wile;
 ‘ Some grace the maiden’s artless smile;
 ‘ Some soothe the Lab’rer’s weary toil,
 ‘ For humble gains,
 ‘ And make his cottage-scenes beguile
 ‘ His cares and pains.

‘ Some, bounded to a district space,
 ‘ Explore at large Man’s infant race,
 ‘ To mark the embryotic trace
 ‘ Of *ruric Bard*:
 And careful note each op’ning grace,
 ‘ A guide and guard

‘ *Of these am I—Coila* my name;
 ‘ And this district as mine I claim,
 ‘ Where once the *Campbells* chiefs of fame,
 ‘ Held ruling pow’r:
 ‘ I mark’d thy embryo-tuneful flame,
 ‘ Thy natal hour,

' With future hope, I oft would gaze,
 ' Fond on thy little early ways,
 ' Thy rudely caroll'd, chiming phrase,
 ' In uncouth rhymes,
 ' Fir'd at the simple, artless lays
 ' Of other times.

' I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
 ' Delighted with the dashing roar;
 ' Or when the North his fleecy store
 ' Drove thro' the sky,
 ' I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
 ' Strike thy young eye.

' Or when the deep green-mantl'd Earth
 ' Warm cherish'd ev'ry flow'ret's birth,
 And joy and music pouring forth
 ' In every grove,
 ' I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
 ' With boundless love.

' When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
 ' Call'd forth the Reaper's rustling noise,
 ' I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys,
 ' And lonely stalk,
 ' To vent thy bosom's swelling rise,
 ' In pensive walk.

‘ When youthful Love, warm-blushing strong
 ‘ Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
 ‘ Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
 ‘ Th’ adored *Name*,
 ‘ I taught thee how to pour in song,
 ‘ To soothe thy flame.

‘ I saw thy pulse’s maddening play,
 ‘ Wild send thee Pleasure’s devious way,
 ‘ Missed by Fancy’s meteor ray,
 ‘ By Passion driven;
 ‘ But yet the *light* that led astray
 ‘ Was *light* from Heaven.

‘ I taught thy manners-painting strains,
 ‘ The loves, the ways of simple swains,
 ‘ Till now, o’er all my wide domains
 ‘ Thy fame extends;
 ‘ And some, the pride of *Coila’s* plains,
 ‘ Become thy friends.

‘ Thou canst not learn, nor I can shew,
 ‘ To paint with *Thomson’s* landscape glow;
 ‘ Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
 ‘ With *Shenstone’s* art;
 ‘ Or pour with *Gray*, the moving flow
 ‘ Warm on the heart.

' Yet all beneath th' unrivall'd Rose,
 ' The lowly Daify sweetly blows ;
 ' Tho' large the forest's Monarch throws
 ' His army shade,
 ' Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows,
 ' Adown the glade.

' Then never murmur nor repine ;
 ' Strive in thy humble sphere to shine ;
 ' And trust me, not *Petisi's* mine,
 ' Nor King's regard,
 ' Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
 ' A *rustic Bard*.

' To give my counsels all in one,
 ' Thy tuneful flame still careful fan ;
 ' Preserve the *dignity of Man*,
 ' With Soul erect ;
 ' And trust the *Universal Plan*.
 ' Will all protect.

' And swear thou this '—she solemn said,
 And bound the *Holly* round my head :
 The polished leaves, and berries red,
 Dio rustling play ;
 And, like a passing thought she fled
 In light away.

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID,

OR

THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

*My Son, these Maxims make a rule,
And lump them ay thegither :
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
The Rigid Wife anither :
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
May hae some pyles o' caff in ;
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o' daffin.*

SOLOMON.—ECCLES. CH. VII.

I.

O YE wha are fae guid yoursel
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neebours' faults and folly ;
Whase life is like a wheel-gaun mill,
Supply'd wi' store o' water,
The heaped happer's ebbing fill,
And still the clap plays clatter.

F 2

II.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
 As counsel for poor mortals
 That frequent pass dounce Wisdom's door
 For glakit Folly's portals;
 I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
 Would here propone defences,
 Their donnie tricks, their black mistakes,
 Their failings and mischances.

III.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd,
 And shudder at the nisser,
 But cast a moment's fair regard
 What makes the mighty differ;
 Discount what scant occasion gave,
 That purity ye pride in,
 And (what's aft mair than a' the leave)
 Your better art o' hiding.

IV.

Think, when your castigated pulse
 Gies now and then a wallop,
 What ragings must his veins convulse
 That still eternal gallop:
 Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
 Right on ye scud your sea-way;
 But, in th' teeth o' baith to sail,
 an unco leeway.

V.

See, Social Life and Glee sit down
 All joyous and unthinking;
 Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're grown
 Debauchery and drinking:
 O would they stay to calculate
 Th' eternal consequences;
 Or your more dreaded hell to state,
 Damnation of expences!

VI.

Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames,
 Ty'd up in godly laces;
 Before ye gie poor *Frailty* names,
 Suppose a change o' cases;
 A dear-lov'd lad, convenience sung,
 A treacherous inclination—
 But let me whisper i' your lug,
 Ye're ablins nae temptation.

VII.

Then gently scan your brother Man,
 Still gentler sister Woman;
 Tho' they may gang a-kennin wrang
 To step aside is human:
 One point must still be greatly dark,
 The moving *Why* they do it;
 And just as lamely can ye mark,
 How far perhaps they rue it.

VIII.

Who made the Heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord, its various tone,
Each spring its various bias :
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it ;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted*.

TAM SAMSON'S*

ELEGY.

An *honest* Man's the noblest work of God;
POPE.

HAS auld K***** seen the Deil?
Or great M*****† thrawn his heel?
Or R*****‡ again grown weel,
To preach an' read?
' Na' waur than a'!' cries ilka chiel,
' Tam Samson's dead!'

K***** lang may grunt an' grain,
An' sigh, an' sob, an' greet her lane,
An' cleed her bairne, man, wife, an' wean;
In mourning weed;
To Death she's dearly pay'd the kane,
Tam Samson's dead!

* When this worthy old Sportsman went out last winter's season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, 'the last of his fields;' and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muns. On this hint the author composed this Elegy and Epitaph.

† A certain Preacher, a great favourite with the Million. Vide the ORDINATION, p. 54.

‡ Another Preacher, an equal favourite with the Million, who was at that time falling. For him see also the ORDINATION, stanza IX.

The Brethren o' the mystic *level*
 May hang their heads in woefu' bevel,
 While by their nose the tears will revel
 Like ony bead ;
 Death's gien the lodge an unco devil
 I am Samson's dead !

When winter ruffles up his cloak,
 And binds the mire like a rock ;
 When to the loughs the Curlers flock,
 Wi' gleeesome speed,
 Wha will they station at the *cock*,
 Tam Samson's dead.

He was the king of a' the Core,
 To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
 Or up the rink like *Jehu* roar,
 In time o' need :
 But now he lags on Death's *lag-score*,
 Tam Samson's dead !

Now safe the stately Sawmont sail,
 And Trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
 And eels weel kend for fouple tail,
 And Cods for greed,
 Since dark in Death's *fish-creel* we wail
 Tam Samson's dead !

Rejoice, ye berring Patricks a' ;
 Ye cootie Moorcocks, croufely craw ;

Ye Maukins, cock your fud fu' brow,
 Withouten dread;
 Your mortal Fae is now awa,
 'Tam Samson's dead!

That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd
 Saw him in shootin graith adorn'd,
 While pointers round impatient burn'd,
 Frae couples fied;
 But Oh! he gaed and ne'er return'd!
 'Tam Samson's dead!

In vain Auld age his body batters;
 In vain the gout his ancles fetters!
 In vain the burns cam'd down like waters,
 An acre braid!
 Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin clatters,
 'Tam Samson's dead!

Owre mony a weary hag he limpit,
 An' ay the tither-thot he thumpit,
 Till coward Death behint him jumpit,
 Wi' dandy feide;
 Now he proclaims wi' tout o' Trumpet,
 'Tam Samson's dead!

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
 He reel'd his wonted bottle swagger,
 But yet he drew the mortal trigger,
 Wi' weel aim'd heed;

'L—d, five!' he cry'd an' owre did stagger;
Tam Samfon's dead!

Ilk hoary Hunter mourn'd a brither ;
 Ilk Sportsman youth bemoan'd a father ;
 Yon auld gray fane, amang the hether,
 Marks out his head,
 Whare Burns has wrote in Rhyming blether,
 Tam Samson's dead !

When August winds the hether wave,
And Sportsmen wander by yon grave,
Three volleys let his memory crave
O' pouter an' lead,
Till Echo answer frae her cave,
Tam Samson's dead!

Heav'n rest his soul, whare'er he be !
Is th' wish o' many mae than me :
He had twa fauts, or may be three,
Yet what remead ?
Ae social, honest man want we :
Tam Samson's dead !

THE EPITAPH.

Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies,
Ye caunting Zealots, spare him!
If Honest Worth in heaven rise,
Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly,
Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' *Killie*,*
Tell ev'ry social, honest billie
To cease his grievin.
For yet, unskait'h'd by Death's gleg gullie,
Tam Samson's livin!

* *Killie* is a phrase the country-folks sometimes use for the name of a certain town in the West.

THE following POEM will, by many Readers, be well enough understood ; but for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, notes are added, to give some account of the principal Charms and Spells of that night, so big with Prophecy to the Peasantry in the West of Scotland. The passion of prying into Futurity makes a striking part of the History of Human Nature, in its rude state, in all ages and nations ; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honour the Author with a perusal, to see the remains of it, among the more unenlightened in our own.

HALLOWEEN.*

*Yes! let the Rich deride, the Proud disdain
The simple pleasures of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.*

GOLDSMITH.

I.

UPON that night when Fairies light
On *Cassilis Downans*† dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance;
Or for *Colean* the route is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams;
There, up the *Cove*,‡ to stray an' rove,
Among the rocks an' streams
To sport that night.

* Is thought to be a night when Witches, Devils, and other mischief making beings, are ad abroad, on their baneful midnight errands; particularly, those aerial people, the Fairies, are said on that night, to hold a grand Anniversary.

† Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.

‡ A noted cavern near Colean-house, called the Cave of Colean; which, as well as Cassilis Downans, is famed in country story, for being a favourite haunt of Fairies.

II.

Among the bonie winding banks.

Where *Do n* rins, wimplin clear,

Where *BRUCE** ance rul'd the martial ranks,

An' shook his *Carrick* spear,

Some merry, friendly, countra folks,

Together did convene,

To *burn* their nits, an' *pou* their flocks.

An' haud their *Halloween*

Fu' blythe that night.

III.

The lasses feat, and cleanly neat,

Mair braw than when they're fine ;

Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,

Hearts leal an' warm an' kin' :

The lads fae trig, wi' wooer-babs,

Weel knotted on their gartan,

Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs,

Gar lasses' hearts gang startin,

Whyles fast at night.

IV.

Then, first an' foremost, thro' the kail,

Their *stocks*† maun a' be faught ance ;

* The famous family of that name, the ancestors of ROBERT the great Deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.

† The first ceremony of Halloween is, pulling each a stock, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand,

They seek their een, an' grape an' wale
 For muckle anes, an' straught anes;
 Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
 An' wander'd thro' the *Bow-lail*,
 An' pou't for want o' better shift,
 A runt was like a fow-tail,

Sae bow't that night.

V.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
 They roar an' cry a' throu'ther;
 The vera wee things, toadlin, rin,
 Wi' stocks out owre their shouther;
 An' gif the *custock's* sweet or sour,
 Wi' joctelegs they taste them;
 Syne coziely, aboon the door,
 Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them
 To lie that night.

VI.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a'
 To pou their *stalks o' corn* ;*

with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with: its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any *yird*, or earth, stick to the root, that is Techer, or Fortune; and the taste of the *custoc*, that is, the heart of the Stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition.—Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed somewhere above the head of the door, and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the *runt*, the name in question.

They go to the barn-yard, and Pull each, at three feet,
 A stalk of Oats. If the third stalk wants the *top-pickle*

But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
 Behind the muckle thorn,
 He gripped Nelly hard an' fast;
 Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;
 But her *top-pickie* maist was lost
 When kinthin i' the Fause house*
 Wi' him that night.

VII.

The auld Guidwife's weel-hoarded *nits*†
 Are round an' round divided,
 An' monie lads an' lasses' fates
 Are there that night decided;
 Some kindle, counthie, side by side,
 An' *burn* thegither trimly;
 Some start awa, wi' fancy pride,
 An' jump out owre the chimlie
 Fu' high that night.

that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question
 will come to the marriage-bed any thing but a maid.

* When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green
 or wet, the stack builder, by means of old timber, &c. makes
 a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side
 which is fairest exposed to the wind; this he calls a Fause-
 house.

† Burning the nuts is a favourite charm. They name the
 lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the
 fire; and according as they burn quietly together, or start
 from beside one another, the course and issue of the Cou-
 ple will be.

with a
 in hand,

VIII.

Jean slips in twa, wi' tentie e'e ;
 Wha 'twas she wadna tell ;
 But this is *Jock*, an' this is me,
 She says in to hersel:
 He bleez'd owre her, and she owre him,
 As they would ne'er mair part,
 Till fuff! he started up the lum,
 An' Jean had e'en a fair heart
 To see't that night.

IX.

Poor Willie, wi' his *bow-kail-runt*,
 Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie ;
 An' Mary nae doubt, took the drunt,
 To be compar'd to Willie:
 Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling
 An' her ain fit it brunt it ;
 While Willie lap, an' swoor *bejing*,
 'Twas just the way he wanted
 To be that night,

X.

Nell had the Fause-house in her min',
 She pits herself an' Rob in ;
 In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
 Till white in afe they're sobbin:
 Nell's heart was dancing at the view,
 She whisper'd Rob to leuk for t :

Rob, flowlins, prie'd her bony mou',
 Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
 Unseen that night.

XI.

But Merran sat behint their backs,
 Her thoughts on Andrew Bell !
 She lea'es them gashing at their cracks,
 An' slips out by hersel:
 She thro' the yard the nearest taks,
 An' to the kiln she goes then,
 An' darklins grapit for the bauks,
 And in the *Blue-clue* * throws then,
 Right fear't that night..

XII.

An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat,
 I wat she made nae jaukin;
 Till something held within the pat,
 Guid L—d ! but she was quakin !
 But whether 'twas the Deil himsel',
 Or whether it 'twas a bauk-en',
 Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
 She did na wait on talkin
 To spier that night.

* Whoever would with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the kiln, and, dartling, throw in, the pot a clew of blue yarn; wind it in a new clew off the old one: and, towards the latter end, something will held the thread: demand *who haults?* i. e. who holds? and answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian and Surname of your future Spouse.

- ' The Simmer had been cauld an' wat,
 ' An' fluff was unco green;
 ' An' ay a rantin kirk we gat,
 ' An' juist on *Halloween*
 ' It fell that night.

XVI.

- ' Our Stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
 ' A clever sturdy fallow;
 ' His Sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
 ' That liv'd in Achmacalla:
 ' He gat *hemp-seed**, I mind it weel,
 ' An' he made unco light o't;
 ' But monie a day was *by hisel**,
 ' He was sae fairly frightened,
 ' That vera night.'

XVII.

- Then up gat fetchtin Jannie Fleck,
 An' he swoor by his conscience,
 That he could *saw hemp-seed* a peck;
 For it was a' but nonsense:
 ' O'ld guidman raught down the peck,
 O' *was Andrew Bell*.
 She did na wait on talkin
 To spier that night.

seed;
 or

* Whoever would with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the kiln, and, darling, throw into the pot a clew of blue yarn; wind it in a new clew off the old one: and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread: demand *who binds?* i. e. who holds? and answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian and Surname of your future Spouse.

Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk,
 Some time when nae ane feed him,
 An' try't that night.

XVIII.

He marches thro' amang the stacks,
 Tho' he was something sturtin'
 The *graip* he for a *barrow* tak,
 An' haurls at his curpin :
 And ev'ry now an' then, he says,
 ' Hemp-feed I saw thee,
 ' An' her that is to be my las
 ' Come after me an' draw thee
 As fast that night.'

XIX.

He whistled up Lord Lenox' march
 To keep his courage cheary ;
 Altho' his hair began to arch,
 He was fae fley'd an' eerie ;
 Till presently he hears a squeak,
 An' then a grane an' gruntle
 He by his shouther gae a kcairn,
 An' tumbl'd wi' a wiewin,

O

an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a Bare-stack,
 anom it three times round. The last rathorn of the last
 , you will catch in your arms the appearance of your
 conjugal yoke-fellow.

He swoor 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw,
 Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
 Till stop! she trotted thro' them a';
 An' wha was it but *Grumphy*
 Aftae that night!

XXI.

Meg fain would to the *Barn* gaen,
 To winn three wechts o' naething*;
 But for to meet the Deil her lane,
 She pat but little faith in:
 She gies the Herd a pickle nits,
 An' twa red-cheekit apples,
 To watch, while for the Barn she sets,
 In hopes to see Tam Kipples
 That vera night.

XXII.

She turns the key, wi' cannie thraw,
 An' owre the threshold ventures;
 That he ca' Sawnie gies a ca',
 For it was a' but she enters;

The auld guidman raught

On ~~the~~ was Andre^e formed unperceived and
 She did na wait on talkin' both doors, taking them
 To spie and do yeu some mischief.

* Whoever would with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the kiln, and, darling, throw int. the pot a clew of blue yarn; wind it in a new clew off the old one; and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread: demand *who holds?* and who holds? and answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian and Surname of your future spouse.

A *rattion* rattl'd up the wa',
 An' she cry'd, L—d preserve her !
 An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a',
 And pray'd wi' zeal an' fervour,
 Fu' fast that night.

XXIII.

They hoy't out Will, wi' fair advice :
 They hecht him some fine braw ane ;
 It chanc'd the *Stack* he *fu'd m't thrice*,*
 Was timmer-propt for thrawin :
 He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
 For some black, groufome Carlin ;
 An' loot a winze, an' drew a froke,
 Till skin in blypes cam haurlin
 Aff's nieces that night.

XXIV.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
 As kantie as a kittlin ;
 But, Och ! that night, amang the shaws,
 She got a fearfu' fettlin !
 She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
 An' owre the hill gaed sorievin,

* Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a Bere-stack, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time, you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

Where *three Laird's lands met at a burn**,
 To dip her left fark-sleeve in,
 Was bent that night.

XXV.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
 As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
 Whyles round a rocky fear it strays;
 Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
 Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays
 Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
 Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
 Below the spreading bazzle,
 Unseen that night.

XXVI.

Among the brachens on the brae
 Between her an' the moon,
 The Deil, or else an outler Quay
 Gat up an gied a croon;
 Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool;
 Hear lav'rock height she jumpit,
 But nist a fit an' in the Pool,
 Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
 Wi' a plunge that night.

* You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south-running spring or rivulet, where "three Laird's lands meet," and dip your left fark-sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake; and sometime near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.

XXVII.

In order, on the clean hearth stane,
 The *Luggies* three* are ranged;
 An' ev'ry time great care is ta'en
 To see them duly changed:
 Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
 Sin' *Mar's-year* did desire,
 Because he gat the toom dish thrice,
 He heav'd them on the fire,
 In wrath that night.

XXVIII.

Wi' merry sangs, and friendly cracks,
 I wat they did na weary;
 And unco tales, an' funnie jokes,
 Their sports were cheap and cheary;
 Till *butter'd Soins*,† wi' fragrant lunt,
 Set a' their gabs a fleein;
 Syne, wi' a foetal glafs o' frunt,
 They parted aff careerin
 Fu' blythe that night.

* Take three dishes; put clean water in one, foul water in another, and leave the third empty: blindfold a person, and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged; he (or she) dips the left hand; if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of Matrimony a maid; if in the foul, a widow; if in the empty dish, it foretells, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times; and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.

† *Sowens*, with butter instead of milk to them. It is always the *Halloween Supper*.

THE AULD FARMER'S
 NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION
 TO HIS
 AULD MARE, MAGGIE,
 ON GIVING HER THE ACCUSTOMED
 RIPP OF CORN TO HANSEL IN THE
 NEW YEAR.

A GUID *New-Year* I wish thee, Maggie!
 Hae, there's a *ripp* to thy auld Laggie :
 Tho' thou's how backit, now, an' knaggie,
 I've seen the day
 Thou could hae gaen like any itaggie
 Out owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, an' crazy,
 An' thy auld hide as white's a daisie,
 I've seen thee dappl't, sleek an' glaizie,
 A bonie gray :
 He should been tight that daur't to *raise* thee,
 Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
 A *filly* buirdly, steeve, an' swank,
 An' set weel down a shapely shank
 As e'er tread yird;
 An' could hae flown out owre a flank
 Like onie bird.

'Tis now some nine-an'-twenty year,
 Sin' thou was my Guid-father's *Mecre*;
 He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
 An' fifty mark;
 Tho' it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
 An' thou was stank.

When first I gaed to Woo my *Jenny*;
 Ye then was trottin wi' your *Minnie*;
 Tho' ye was trickie, flee, an' funnie,
 Ye ne'er was donnie;
 But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,
 An' unco fonnie.

That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
 When ye bare hame my bonie *Ernie*,
 An' sweet, an' gracefu' she did ride
 Wi' maiden air!
Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide,
 For sic a pair.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and brattle,
 An' wintle like a faumont coble,

'That day, ye was a jinker noble,

For heels an' win' !

Au' ran them till they a' did wauble,

Far, far behin' !

When thou an' I were young an' skiegh,

An' stable meals at fairs were driegh,

How thou wad prance, and snore, an' skriegh,

An' tak the road !

Town's-bodies ran, an' stood abiegh,

An' ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't an' I was mellow,

We took the road ay like a swallow :

At *Brooses*, thou had ne'er a fellow,

For pith an' speed ;

But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,

Where'er thou gaed.

The sma', droop rumpl't, hunter cattle,

Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle,

But fax Scotch miles thou try't their mettle,

An' gart them whaizle !

Nea whip nor spur, but juſt a wattle

O' faugh or hazle.

Thou was a noble *Fille-lur*?

As e'er in tug or tow was drawn !

And thee an' I, in aught hours gaun,

On guid March-weather,

Hae turn'd fax rood beside our han'
For days thegither.

Thou never brandg't, an' fetch't, an' fliskit,
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
An' spread abreed thy weel fill'd briskit,
Wi' pith an' power,
Till spritty knowes wad rair't an' risket,
An' flypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
An' threaten'd labor back to keep,
I gied thy cog a wee-bit heap
Aboon the timmer:
I ken'd my *Maggie* wad na sleep
For that, or *Simmer*.

In cart or car thou never reefit;
The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it:
Thou never lap, an' sten't, an' breastit,
Then stood to blaw;
But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
Thou scoov't awa.

My *plough* is now thy bairn time a';
Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw:
Forby fax mae I've sell't awa,
That thou hast nuff;
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
The vera wast.

Monie a fair daurk we twa hae wrought,
 An' wi' the weary warl' fought;
 An' monie an anxious day I thought
 We wad be beat;
 Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
 Wi' something yet.

An' think na', my auld trusty servan',
 That now perhaps thou's leis deservin',
 An' thy auld days may end in starvin',
 For my last *forw*
 A heapit *Stimpert*, I'll reserve ane
 Laid by for you,

We've worn to crazy years thegither;
 We'll sayte about wi' ane anither!
 Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy ternae
 To some haip'd rig,
 Where ye may nobly sax your lather,
 Wi' sma' fatigue!

THE
COTTERS'
SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. A****, ESQ.

*Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the Poor.*

GRAY.

I.

MY lov'd, my honour'd much respected friend,
No mercenary Bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
To you I sing, in simple *Scottish* lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene,
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,
What A**** in a Cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier than I
 ween!

II.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry fugh ;
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close ;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the plough ;
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose :
 The toil-worn *Cotter* frae his labor goes,
 This night his weekly toil is at an end,
 Collects his spades, his mattock, and his hoes,
 Hoping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hame-
 ward bend.

III.

At length his lonely Cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
 The expectant *wee-things*, toddlin stacher through,
 To meet their Dad, wi' slichterin noise and glee,
 His wee bit ingle blinkin bonilie,
 His clean hearth stane, his thrifty *Wife's* smile,
 The lispin infant, prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary kinaugh and care beguile,
 And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

IV.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drappin in,
 At service out among the Farmers roun' ;
 Some ca' the plough, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to neebor town :
 Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman-grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown ;
 To deposit her fair-won penny-fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

V.

With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
 And each for other's welfare kindly spiers;
 The social hours, swift-wing'd unnotic'd fleet;
 Each tells the uncoss that he sees or hears.
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
 Anticipation forward points the view;
 The *Mother*, wi' her needle and her sheers
 Gars auld claes look amairl as weel's the new;
 The *Father* mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI.

Their Masters' and their Mistrefs' command:
 The yonkers a' are warned to obey;
 And mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
 And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play;
 And O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
 And mind your *duty*, duly, mornin' night!
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 Implore his counsel and assisting might:
 They never laught in vain that laught the LORD
 aright."

VII.

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door,
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the knock,
 Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her home,
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in *Jenny's* e'e, and flush her cheek,
 With heart-struck anxious care, enquires his name,

While *Jenny* haffins is afraid to speak ;
 Weel pleas'd the mother hears, 'tis nae wild worth-
 less rake.

VIII.

With kindly welcome *Jenny* brings him ben ;
 A strappan youth ; he takes the Mother's eye ;
 Blythe *Jenny* sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;
 The Father cracks o' horses, pleughs, and kye.
 The Youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate an' laithfu', scarce can weel behave ;
 The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave ;
 Weel pleas'd to think her *bairn's* respected like the
 lave.

IX.

O happy love ! where love like this is found !
 O heart-felt raptures ! blifs beyond compare !
 I've paced much, this weary *mortal round*,
 And sage *Experience* bids me this declare——
 ' If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 ' One cordial in this melancholy Vale,
 ' 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest Pair,
 ' In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
 ' Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the
 ' ev'ning gale.'

X.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
 A Wretch ! a Villain ! lost to Love and Truth ?
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,

Betray sweet *Jenny's* unsuspecting youth?
 Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
 Are Honour, Virtue, Conscience, all exil'd?
 Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth,
 Points to the Parents' fondling o'er their Child?
 Then paints the ruin'd Maid, and their distraction
 wild!

XI.

But now the Supper crowns their simple board,
 The healthsome *Porritch*, chief of *Scotia's* food:
 The soup their only *Hawkie* does afford,
 That 'yont the hailan snugly chows her cood:
 The dame brings forth, in complimentary mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck fell,
 An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
 The frugal Wife, garrulous will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond auld fin' Lint was i' the bell.

XII.

The chearfu' Supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
 The Sire turns o'er with Patriarchal grace,
 The big *ba'-Eible*, ance his Father's guide;
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care;
 "And let us worship GOD!" he says, with solemn air.

XIII.

They chaunt their artless notes in simple guise;
 They tune their hearts by far the noblest aim;
 Perhaps *Dundee's* wild-warbling meadowside,

Or plaintive *Martyrs* worthy of the name ;
 noble *Elgin* beets the heaven-ward flame,
 The sweetest far of *Scotia's* holy lays :
 Compar'd with these, Italian thrills are tame ;
 The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise ;
 Nae unison hae they with our *Creator's* praise.

XIV.

The priest-like Father reads the sacred page,
 How *Abram* was the *Friend* of GOD on high ;
 Or, *Moses* bade eternal warfare wage
 With *Amalek's* ungracious progeny ;
 Or how the royal *Bard* did groaning lye,
 Beneath the stroke of heaven's avenging ire ;
 Or *Job's* pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
 Or rept *Ijaiah's* wild, seraphic fire ;
 Or other Holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre.

XV.

Perhaps the *Christian Volume* is the theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
 How *He*, who bore in Heaven the second name,
 Had not on Earth whereon to lay His head :
 How His first followers and servants sped ;
 The Precepts sage they wrote to many a land :
 How *he* who lone in *Patmos* banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty Angel stand,
 And heard great *Bab'lon's* doom pronounc'd by
 Heaven's command.

XVI.

Then kneeling down to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,
 The *Saint*, the *Father*, and the *Husband* prays:
 Hope, ' springs exultant on triumphant wing,*'
 That *thus* they all shall meet in future days:
 They ever bask in 'uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their *Creator's* praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear;
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

XVII.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide
 Devotion's every grace except the *heart*!
 The *Power* incens'd, the Pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
 But haply in some *Cottage* far apart,
 May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the Soul;
 And in his *Book of life* the Inmates poor enroll.

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral ways;
 The younglin Cottagers retire to rest:
 The Parent pair their *secret homage* pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request;
 That *He* who fills the raven's clam'rous nest,

And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would, in the way His wisdom fees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide ;
 But chiefly, in their hearts with Grace divine preside.

XIX.

From scenes like these old *Scotia's* grandeur springs,
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 * AN HONEST Man's the noblest work of GOD :
 And *certes*, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
 The *Cottage* leaves the *Palace* far behind :
 What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd !

XX.

O *Scotia* ! my dear, my native soil !
 For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent !
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !
 And, O ! may heaven their simple lives prevent
 From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
 Then, howe'er *crowns* and *coronets* be rent,
 A virtuous *Populace* may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much lov'd *Isle*.

XXI.

O *Thou!* who pour'd the patriotic tide,
 That stream'd thro' great, unhappy *Wallace's* heart;
 Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part :
 (The Patriot's *God* peculiarly thou art,
 'His friend, inspirer, guardian and reward !)
 O never, never *Scotia's* realm desert,
 But still the *Patriot* and the *Patriot-Bard*,
 In bright succession raise, her Ornament and guard.

TO A
MOUSE.

ON
TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST,
WITH THE PLOUGH.

November, 1785.

WEE, fleekit, cawrin, tim'rous beastie !
O, what a panic's in thy breastie !
Thou need na start awa sae hasty :

Wi' bick'ring brattle !

I wad be laith to run an' chase thee

Wi' murd'ring *pattle* !

I'm, truly sorry Man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,

Which makes thee startle,
At me, thy poor, earth born companion,

An' *fellow-mortal* !

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thrive ;
What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !

A *daimen-icker* in a *thrave*

'S a sma' request ;

I'll get a bleffin wi' the lave,
An' never miss't!

Thy wee-bit housie too in ruin!
It's silly wa's the win's are strewn!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary Winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast;
Thou thought to dwell
Till crash! the cruel Coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble,
Has cost thee monie a wearie nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the Winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving *forefight* may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' *Mice* an' *Men*
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
 The present only toucheth thee:
 But, Och! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear,
 An' forward, tho' I canna see,
 I guess and fear!

A

WINTER NIGHT.

*Poor naked wretches, where'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
How shall your houseless heads, and <sup>un-
der</sup> ^{that} tale,
Your lop'd and window'd raggedness, defend ^{side},
From seasons such as these.*

SHAKESPEARE

WHEN biting *Boreas*, fell and dour,
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r ;
When *Phæbus* gies a short-liv'd glow'r,
Far south the list,
Dim dark'ning thro' the flaky snow'r,
Or whirling drift.

Ae night the storm the steeples rocked,
Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-choaked,
Wild-eddying swirl,
Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,
Down headlong hurl.

Lift'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle

O' winter war,
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle,
Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee helpless thing !
in the merry months o' Spring,
led me to hear thee sing,

What comes o' thee ?
Thou cow'r thy chittering wing ?
An close thy e'e ?

you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
Lonè from your savage homes exil'd,
The blood-stain'd roof, and sheep-cote spoil'd,
My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.

Now *Plæbe*, in her midnight reign,
Dark-must'd, view'd the dreary plain ;
Still crouding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow-solemn, stole.—

' Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust !
' And freeze, thou bitter biting frost !

- “ Descend, ye chilly, smothering Snows !
 “ Not all your rage, as now, united shows
 “ More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
 “ Vengeful malice, unrepenting,
 “ Than heaven-illumined Man on brother Man bestows !
 “ See stern oppression’s iron grip,
 “ Or mad Ambition’s gory hand,
 “ Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
 “ Woe, Want, and Murder o’er a land !
 “ Ev’n in the peaceful rural vale,
 “ Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale.
 “ How pamper’d Luxury, Flatt’ry by her side,
 “ The parasite empoisoning her ear,
 “ With all the servile wretches in the rear,
 “ Looks o’er proud Property extended wide ;
 “ And eyes the simple, rustic Hind,
 “ Whose toil upholds the glitt’ring show,
 “ A creature of another kind,
 “ Some coarser substance unrefin’d,
 “ Plac’d for her lordly use thus far, thus vile below !
 “ Where, where is Love’s fond tender throe,
 “ With lordly Honour’s lofty brow,
 “ The pow’rs you proudly own ;
 “ Is there, beneath Love’s noble name,
 “ Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
 “ To bless himself alone !

‘ Mark Maiden-innocence a prey
 ‘ To love pretending snares,
 ‘ This boasted Honour turns away,
 ‘ Shunning soft Pity’s rising sway !
 ‘ Regardless of the Tears and unavailing pray’rs !
 ‘ Perhaps, this hour, in Mis’ry’s squalid nest,
 ‘ She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
 ‘ And with a Mother’s fears shrinks at the rocking
 ‘ blast !

‘ Oh, ye ! who sunk in beds of down,
 ‘ Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
 ‘ Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
 ‘ Whom friends and fortune quite disown !
 ‘ Ill-satisfy’d keen nature’s clam’rous call,
 ‘ Stretch’d on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
 ‘ While thro’ the ragged roof and chinky wall,
 ‘ Chill, o’er his slumbers piles the drifty heap !
 ‘ Think on the dungeon’s grim confine,
 ‘ Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine !
 ‘ Guilt, erring Man, relenting view !
 ‘ But shall thy legal rage pursue
 ‘ The Wretch, already crushed low
 ‘ By cruel Fortune’s undeserved blow ?
 ‘ Affliction’s sons are brothers in distress ;
 ‘ A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss !’

I heard pae mair for *Chanticleer* !
 Shook off the pouthery snaw,

And hail'd the morning with a cheer,
A cottage rousing crew ;
But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
Thro' all his works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles GOD.

EPISTLE

TO

DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.

January—

I.

WHILE winds frae off *Ben-Lomond* blaw,
 And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
 And hing us owre the ingle,
 I set me down to pass the time
 And spin a verse or twa' o' rhyme,
 In hamely, weftlin jingle.
 While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
 Ben to the chimla lug,
 I grudge a wee the Great-folk's gift,
 'That live sae bien an' snug :
 I tent less, and want less
 Their roomy fire-side ;
 But hanker, and canker,
 To see their cursed pride.

II.

'Tis hardly in a body's pow'r
 To keep, at times, frae being sour,
 To see how things are shar'd ;
 How best o' chiels are whyles in want,
 While Coofs on countless thousands rant
 And ken na how to wair't :
 But *Davie*, lad, ne'er fash your head,
 Tho' we hae little gear,
 We're fit to win our daily bread,
 As lang's we're hale and fier :
 " Mair spier na, nor fear na,"
 Auld age ne'er mind a feg ;
 The last o't, the worst o't,
 Is only but to beg.

III.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
 When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin,
 Is, doubtless, great distress !
 Yet then Content could make us blest ;
 Ev'n then, sometimes, we'd snatch a taste
 O' truest happiness.
 The honest heart that's free frae a'
 Intended fraud or guile,
 However Fortune kick the ba',
 Has ay some cause to smile :
 An' mind still you'll find still
 A comfort that's nae sma' ;
 Nae mair then we'll care then,
 Nae farther we can fa'.

IV.

What tho' like Commoners of air,
 We wander out, we know not where,
 But either house or hal' ?
 Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
 The sweeping vales and foaming floods,
 Are free alike to all.
 In days when Daisies deck the ground,
 And black-birds whistle clear,
 With honest joy our hearts will bound,
 To see the coming year :
 On breas when we please, then,
 We'll fit and scowth a tune ;
 Syne *rhyme* till't we'll time till't,
 An' sing't when we hae done.

V.

'Tis no in titles nor in rank ;
 'Tis no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,
 To purchase peace and rest ;
 'Tis no in makin' muckle *mair* :
 'Tis no in books, 'tis no in lears,
 To make us truly blest :
 If Happiness hae not her seat
 And centre in the breast,
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,
 But never can be blest :
 Nae treasures nor pleasures
 Could make us happy lang ;
 The *heart* ay's the part'ay
 That makes us right or wrang.

VI.

Think ye, that sick as you and I,
 Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry,
 Wi' never-ceasing toil ;
 Think ye are we less blest than they,
 Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
 As hardly worth their while ?
 Alas ! how aft, in haughty mood,
 GOD's creatures they oppress !
 Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
 They riot in excess !
 Baith careless and fearless
 Of either Heaven or Hell ;
 Esteeming, and deeming
 'Tis a' an idle tale !

VII.

Then let us chearfu' acquiesce,
 Nor make our scanty Pleasures less,
 By pining at our state :
 And, ev'n should Misfortunes come,
 I here wha fit hae met wi' some,
 An's thankfu' for them yet ;
 They gie the wit o' Age to Youth !
 They let us ken oursel ;
 They make us see the naked truth,
 The *real* guid and ill :
 Tho' losses and crosses
 Be lessons right severe ;
 There's wit there, ye'll get there,
 Ye'll find nae other where.

VIII.

But tent me, *Davie*, Ace o' Hearts;
 (To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
 And flatt'ry I detest)

This life has joys for you and I,
 And joys that riches ne'er could buy,
 And joys the very best.

There's a' the *Pleasures o' the Heart*,
 The Lover an' the Frien';
 Ye hae your *Meg*, your dearest part,
 And I my darling *Jean*!

It warms me, it charms me,
 To mention but her *name*;
 It heats me, it beets me,
 And sets me a' on flame!

IX.

O all you Pow'rs who rule above!
 O *Thou*, whose very self art *Love*!
Thou know'st my words sincere!
 The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
 Or my more dear Immortal part,
 Is not more fondly dear!
 When heart-corroding care and grief
 Deprive my soul of rest,
 Her dear idea brings relief,
 And Solace to my breast:
 Thou *Being*, All-seeing,
 O hear my fervent pray'r!
 Still take her, and make her
 Thy most peculiar care!

X.

All hail ! ye tender-feeling dear !
 The smile of love, the friendly tear,
 The sympathetick glow !
 Long since, this world's thorny ways
 Had number'd out my weary days,
 Had it not been for you !
 Fate still has blest me with a friend,
 In ev'ry care and ill ;
 And oft a more endearing band,
 A tie more tender still :
 It lightens, it brightens,
 The tenebrific scene,
 To meet with, and greet with
 My *Davie*, or my *Jean* !

XI.

O, how that *name* inspires my style !
 The words come skelpin, rank and file,
 Amaist before I ken !
 The ready measure rins as fine,
 As Phœbus and the famous Nine
 Were glowrin owre my pen,
 My spaviet *Pegasus* will limp,
 Till ance he's fairly het ;
 And then he'll hiltch, and stilt, and jimp,
 And rin an unco fit :
 But least then, the beast then,
 Should rue this hasty ride,
 I'll light now, and dight now
 His sweaty, wizen'd hide.

THE LAMENT

OCCASIONED BY

THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE

OF A

FRIEND'S AMOUR.

*Alas! how oft does Goodness wound itself!
And sweet Affection prove the spring of Woe.*
HOME.

I.

O THOU pale Orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
Thou seest a Wretch, who inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep!
With Woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam;
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How *life* and *love* are all a dream!

II.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
 The faintly marked, distant hill;
 I joyless view thy trembling horn,
 Reflected in the gurgling rill.
 My fondly flattering heart, be still!
 Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease!
 Ah! must the agonizing thrill
 For ever bar returning Peace!

III.

No idly feign'd, poetic pains,
 My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim:
 No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains;
 No fabled tortures, quaint and tame;
 The plighted faith; the mutual flame;
 The oft-attested Pow'rs above;
 The *promis'd Father's tender name*:
 These were the pledges of my love.

IV.

Encircled in her clasping arms,
 How have the raptur'd moments flown!
 How have I wish'd for Fortune's charms
 For her dear sake, and her's alone!
 And, must I think it! is she gone?
 My secret heart's exulting boast?
 And does she heedless hear my groan?
 And is she ever, ever lost?

V.

Oh! can she bear so base a heart,
 So lost to Honour, lost to Truth,
 As from the fondest lover part,
 The plighted husband of her youth?
 Alas! Life's path may be unsmooth!
 Her way may lie thro' rough distress!
 Then who her pangs and pains will soothe,
 Her sorrows share and make them less?

VI.

Ye winged Hours that o'er us pass,
 Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
 Your dear remembrance in my breast,
 My fondly treasur'd thoughts employ'd;
 That breast, how dreary now, and void,
 For her too scanty once of room!
 Ev'n ev'ry ray of hope destroy'd,
 And not a *Wish* to gild the gloom!

VII.

The morn that warns th' approaching day,
 Awakes me up to toil and woe;
 I see the hours, in long array,
 That I must suffer, ling'ring, slow.
 Full many a pang, and many a throe,
 Keen Recollection's direful train,
 Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
 Shall kiss the distant, western main.

VIII.

And when my nightly couch I try,
 Sore harass'd out with care and grief,

My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
 Keep watchings with the nightly thief:
 Or if I slumber, Fancy, chief,
 Reigns, haggard-wild, in sore affright:
 Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief
 From such a horror-breathing night.

IX.

O! thou bright Queen, who o'er th' expanse,
 Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway!
 Oft has thy silent-marking glance
 Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray!
 The time, unheeded, sped away,
 While Love's luxurious pulse beat high,
 Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray
 To mark the mutual kindling eye.

X.

Oh! scene in strong remembrance set!
 Scenes, never, never to return!
 Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
 Again I feel, again I burn!
 From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,
 Life's weary vale I'll wander thro';
 And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
 A faithless woman's broken vow.

DESPONDENCY.

AN ODE.

I.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
 A burden more than I can bear,
 I fet me down and sigh :
 O Life ! thou art a galling load,
 A long, a rough, a weary road,
 To wretches such as I !
 Dim-backward as I cast my view,
 What sick'ning Scenes appear !
 What Sorrows *yet* may pierce me thro',
 Too justly I may fear !
 Still wearing, despairing,
 Must be my bitter doom ;
 My woes here shall close ne'er,
 But with the closing tomb.

II.

Happy ! ye sons of Busy-life,
 Who, equal to the bustling strife,
 No other view regard !
 Ev'n when the wished *end's* deny'd,
 Yet while the busy *means* are ply'd,
 They bring their own reward :

Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
 Unfitted with an *aim*,
 Meet ev'ry sad returning night,
 And joyless morn the same.
 You, bustling, and jussling,
 Forget each grief and pain ;
 I, listless, yet restless,
 Find ev'ry prospect vain.

III.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
 Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
 Within his humble cell,
 The cavern wild with tangling roots,
 Sits o'er his newly gather'd fruits,
 Beside his crystal well !
 Or haply, to his ev'ning thought,
 By unfrequented stream,
 The ways of men are distant brought,
 A faint collected dream :
 While praising, and raising,
 His thoughts to heav'n on high,
 As wand'ring, meand'ring,
 He views the solemn sky.

IV.

Than I, no lonely Hermit plac'd
 Where never human foot-step trac'd,
 Less fit to play the part,
 The lucky moment to improve,
 And *just* to stop, and *just* to move,
 With self-respecting art :

But ah! those pleasures, Loves and Joys,
 Which I too keenly taste,
 The *Solitary* can despise,
 Can want, and yet be blest!
 He needs not, he heeds not,
 Or human love or hate;
 Whilst I here must cry here
 At perfidy ingrate!

V.

Oh! enviable, early days,
 When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
 To Care, to Guilt unknown!
 How ill-exchang'd for riper times,
 To feel the follies, or the crimes,
 Of others, or my own!
 Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
 Like linnets in the bush,
 Ye little know the ills ye court,
 When manhood is your wish!
 The losses, the crosses,
 That *active man* engage;
 The fears all, the tears all,
 Of dim declining *Age*!

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A. DIRGE.

I.

WHEN chill November's furly blast
 Made fields and forests bare,
 One ev'ning, as I wander'd forth
 Along the banks of *Ayr*,
 I spy'd a man whose aged step
 Seem'd weary, worn with care ;
 His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
 And hoary was his hair.

II.

Young stranger, whether wand'rest thou,
 Began the rev'rend Sage :
 Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
 Or youthful Pleasures rage ?
 Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
 'Too soon thou hast began
 To wander forth with me, to mourn
 The miseries of Man.

III.

The Sun that overhangs yon moors,
 Out-spreading far and wide,
 Where hundreds labour to support
 A haughty lordling's pride ;
 I've seen yon weary winter-sun,
 Twice forty times return ;
 And ev'ry time has added proofs,
 That Man was made to mourn.

IV.

O Man! while in thy early years,
 How prodigal of time ;
 Mispending all thy precious hours,
 Thy glorious, youthful prime !
 Alternate follies take the sway ;
 Licentious Passions burn ;
 Which tenfold force give Nature's law,
 That Man was made to mourn.

V.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
 Or Manhood's active might ;
 Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right :
 But see him on the edge of life,
 With Cares and Sorrows worn,
 Then Age and Want, Oh ! ill match'd pair !
 Show Man was made to mourn.

VI.

A few seem favourites of Fate,
 In Pleasure's lap carest ;

Yet think not all the Rich and Great,
 Are likewise truly blest ;
 But, Oh ! what crouds in ev'ry land,
 All wretched and forlorn,
 Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
 That Man was made to mourn.

VII.

Many and sharp the num'rous Ills
 Inwoven with our frame !
 More pointed still we make ourselves,
 Regret, Remorse, and Shame !
 And Man, whose heav'n-erected face
 The smiles of Love adorn,
 Man's inhumanity to Man
 Makes countless thousands mourn !

VIII.

See yonder poor, o'er-labour'd wight,
 So abject, mean, and vile,
 Who begs a brother of the earth
 To give him leave to toil ;
 And see his lordly *fellow-worm*
 The poor petition spurn,
 Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
 And helpless offspring mourn.

IX.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,
 By Nature's law design'd,
 Why was an independant wish
 E'er planted in my mind ?

If not, why am I subject to
 His cruelty, or scorn?
 Or why has Man the will and pow'r
 To make his fellow mourn!

X.

Yet, let not this too much, my Son,
 Disturb thy youthful breast:
 This partial view of human-kind
 Is surely not the *last*!
 The poor, oppressed; honest man,
 Had never, sure, been born,
 Had there not been some recompence
 To comfort those that mourn!

XI.

© Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
 The kindest and the best!
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs
 Are laid with thee at rest!
 The Great, the Wealthy fear thy blow;
 From pomp and pleasure torn;
 But, Oh! a blest relief to those
 That Weary-laden mourn!

WINTER.

A DIRGE.

I.

THE Wintry West extends his blast,
 And hail and rain does blow ;
 Or, the stormy North sends driving forth
 The blinding fleet and snaw :
 While, tumbling brown, the Burn comes down,
 And roars frae bank to brae ;
 And bird and beast in covert rest,
 And pass the heartless day.

II.

“ The sweeping blast, the sky o’ercast,”*
 The joyless Winter day,
 Let others fear, to me more dear,
 Than all the pride of May :
 The Tempest’s howl, it soothes my soul,
 My griefs it seems to join ;
 The leafless trees my fancy please,
 Their fate resembles mine !

* Dr. Young.

III.

Thou *Pow'r Supreme*, whose mighty Scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest, they *must* be best,
Because they are *Thy* Will!
Then all I want (Oh, do thou grant
This one request of mine!)
Since to *enjoy* Thou dost deny,
Assist me to *resign*!

A
PRAYER,

IN THE

PROSPECT OF DEATH.

I.

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread Presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

II.

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As *Something*, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done.

III.

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
With Passions wild and strong;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

IV.

Where human *weakness* has come short,
 Or *frailty* steep aside,
 Do thou *All-Good!* for such Thou art,
 In shades of darkness hide.

V.

Where with *intention* I have err'd,
 No other Plea I have,
 But, *Thou art good*; and Goodness still,
 Delighteth to forgive.

STANZAS.

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly scene?
 Have I found it so full of pleasing charms?
 Some drops of joy with drops of ill between;
 Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms:
 Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
 Or Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
 For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms!
 I tremble to approach an angry GOD,
 And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.
 Fain would I say, 'Forgive my foul offence.'
 Fain promise, never more to disobey;
 But, should my Author health again dispense,
 Again I might desert fair Virtue's way;
 Again in folly's path might go astray;
 Again exalt the brute and sink the man;
 Then how should I for Heavenly Mercy pray,
 Who act so counter Heavenly Mercy's plan?
 Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?

O Thou Great Governor of all below !

If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,

Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,

Or still the tumult of the raging sea :

With that controuling pow'r assist ev'n me,

Those headlong, furious passions to confine ;

For all unfit I feel my powers be,

To rule their torrent in th' allowed line ;

O, aid me with Thy help, *Omnipotence Divine.*

*Lying at a Reverend Friend's house, one night,
The Author left the following Verses in
the room where he slept:—*

I.

O THOU dread Pow'r, who reign'st above,
I know Thou wilt me hear ;
When for this scene of peace and love,
I make my prayer sincere.

II.

The hoary fire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long be pleas'd to spare ;
To bless his little filial flock,
And shew what good men are.

III.

She, who her lovely Offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O bless her with a Mother's joys,
But spare a Mother's tears !

IV.

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush ;
Bless him, Thou God of Love and Truth,
Up to a Parent's wish.

V.

The beauteous, seraph Sister-band
 With earnest tears I pray,
 Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,
 Guide thou their steps always.

VI.

When soon or late they reach that coast,
 O'er life's rough ocean driv'n,
 May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
 A family in Heaven.

THE FIRST PSALM.

THE man, in life where-ever plac'd
 Hath happiness in store,
 Who walks not in the wicked's way,
 Nor learns their guilty lore !
 Nor from the seat of scornful Pride
 Casts forth his eyes abroad,
 But with humility and awe
 Still walks before his GOD.

That man shall flourish like the trees
 Which by the streamlets grow ;
 The fruitful top is spread on high,
 And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt
 Shall to the ground be cast,
 And like the rootless stubble tost,
 Before the sweeping blast.

For why ? that GOD the good adore,
 Hath giv'n them peace and rest ;
 But hath decreed that wicked men
 Shall ne'er be truly blest.

A

PRAYER,

Under the Pressure of Violent Anguish.

O THOU great Being ! what Thou art,
 Surpasses me to know :
 Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
 Are all Thy works below.

Thy creature here before Thee stands,
 All wretched and distressed ;
 Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
 Obey Thy high behest.

Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
 From cruelty or wrath !
 O, free my weary eyes from tears,
 Or close them fast in death !

But if I must afflicted be,
 To suit some wise design ;
 Then, *man* my soul with firm resolves
 To bear and not repine !

THE
FIRST SIX VERSES

OF THE
NINETIETH PSALM.

O THOU, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race !
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place !

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath thy forming hand,
Before this pond'rous globe itself
Arose at thy command ;

That Pow'r which rais'd, and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before Thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word ; Thy creature, man,
 Is to existence brought ;
 Again thou say'st, ' Ye sons of men,
 ' Return ye into nought !'

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
 In everlasting sleep :
 As with a flood thou tak'st them off
 With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
 In beauty's pride array'd ;
 But long ere night cut down it lies
 All wither'd and decay'd.

TO A

MOUNTAIN DAISY.

ON TURNING ONE DOWN

WITH THE PLOUGH

in April, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r
 Thou's met me in an evil hour;
 For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem:
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonie gem.

Alas! 'tis no thy neebor sweet
 The bonie *Lark*, companion meet!
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
 Wi' spreckl'd breast,
 When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling East.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting North
 Upon thy early, humble birth;
 Yet chearfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the Parent-earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our Gardens yield,
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
 But thou, beneath the random bield

O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the hislie *sibble-field*,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head,
 In humble guise;
 But now the *share* up-tears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
 Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade!
 By Love's simplicity betray'd,
 And guileless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all foil'd, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
 On Life's rough ocean luckless flarr'd!
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent Lore,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And overwhelm him o'er't

Such fate to suffering *Worth* is giv'n,
 Who long with wants and woes have striv'n.

By human pride or cunning driv'n
 To Mis'ry's brink,
 Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but *Heaven*,
 He, ruin'd, sink.

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date :
 Stern Ruin's *plough-share* drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom.

TO
R U I N.

I.

ALL hail ! inexorable Lord !
 At whose destruction-breathing word,
 The mightiest empires fall !
 Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
 The ministers of Grief and Pain,
 A sullen-welcome, all !
 With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
 I see each aimed dart ;
 For one has cut my *dearest* eye,
 And quivers in my heart.
 Then low'ring, and pouring,
 The *Storm* no more I dread ;
 Tho' thick'ning, and black'ning,
 Round my devoted head.

II.

And thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhorr'd,
 While Life a *plague* can afford,

O ! hear a wretch's pray'r !
 No more I shrink appall'd, afraid ;
 I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
 To close this scene of care !
 When shall my soul, in silent peace,
 Resign Life's *joyless* day ?
 My weary heart its throbbings cease,
 Cold-mould'ring in the clay ?
 No fear more, no tear more,
 To stain my lifeless face,
 Enclasped, and grasped,
 Within thy cold embrace !

TO

MISS L—,

WITH BEATIES POEMS

FOR A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

Jan. 1, 1787.

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
 Their annual round have driv'n,
 And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
 Are so much nearer Heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
 The Infant year to hail;
 I send you more than India boasts
 In *Edwin's* simple tale.

Our Sex with guile, and faithless love,
 Is charg'd, perhaps, too true;
 But may dear Maid, each Lover prove
 An *Edwin* still to you.

EPISTLE

TO A

YOUNG FRIEND,

May — 1786.

I.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
 A Something to have sent you,
 Tho' it should serve nae ither end
 Than just a kind *memento* ;
 But how the subject theme may gang,
 Let time and chance determine ;
 Perhaps it may turn out a Sang ;
 Perhaps, turn out a Sermon.

II.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
 And *Andrew* dear, believe me,
 Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
 And muckle they may grieve ye :
 For care and trouble set your thought,
 Ev'n when your end's attained ;
 And a' your views may come to nought,
 Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

III.

I'll no say, men are villains a';
 The real, harden'd wicked,
 Wha hae nae check but human law,
 Are to a few restricked:
 But Och, mankind are unco weak,
 An' little to be trusted;
 If *Self* the wavering balance shake,
 Its rarely right adjusted!

IV.

Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife,
 Their fate we should na' censure,
 For still th' *important end* of life,
 They equally may answer:
 A man may hae an honest heart,
 Tho' Poortith hourly stare him;
 A man may tak a neebor's part,
 Yet hae nae *cash* to spare him.

V.

Ay free, aff han', your story tell,
 When wi' a bosom crony;
 But still keep something to yoursel
 Ye scarcely tell to ony:
 Conceal yoursel as weel's you can
 Frae critical dissection;
 But keek thro' ev'ry ocher man,
 Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection.

VI.

The sacred love o' weel-plac'd love,
 Luxuriently indulge it ;
 But never tempt th' *illicit* rove,
 Tho' naething should divulge it :
 I wave the quantum o' the sin ;
 The hazard of concealing ;
 But Och ! it hardens a' within,
 And petrefies the feeling !

VII.

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
 Assiduous wait upon her ;
 And gather gear by ev'ry wile
 That's justifi'd by Honor :
 Not for to hide it in a hedge,
 Nor for a train attendant ;
 But for the glorious privilege
 Of being *independent*.

VIII.

The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip,
 To haud the wretch in order ;
 But where ye feel your Honor grip,
 Let that ay be your border :
 Its slightest touches, instant pause—
 Debar a' side pretences,
 And resolutely keep its laws,
 Uncaring consequences.

IX.

The great *CREATOR* to revere,
 Must sure become the *Creature*;
 But still the preaching cant forbear,
 And ev'n the rigid feature :
 Yet ne'er with Wits prophane to rage,
 Be complaisance extended ;
 An Atheist-laugh's a poor exchange
 For Deity offended !

X.

When ranting round in Pleasures ring,
 Religion may be blinded ;
 Or if she gie a *run om sling*
 It may be little minded ;
 But when on life we're tempest-driv'n,
 A conscience but a canker—
 A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
 Is sure a noble *anchor* !

XI.

Adieu, dear, amiable Youth !
 Your heart can ne'er be wanting !
 May Prudence, Fortitude, and Truth,
 Erect your brow undaunting !
 In Ploughman's phrase, ' GOD send you speed' !
 Still daily to grow wiser ;
 And may ye better reck the *rede*,
 Than e'er did th' Adviser !

ON A

SCOTCH BARD,

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' YE wha live by fowps o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live and never think,
Come, mourn wi' me
Our *Billie's* gien us a' jink,
An' owre the Sea !

Lament him a' ye rantin core,
Wha dearly like a random splore;
Nae mair he'll join the *merry* roar,
In social key;
For now he's ta'en another shore,
An owre the Sea!

The bonie lassies weel may wis's him,
And in their dear *petitions* place him :
The widows, wives, an' a' may ble'ss him
Wi' tearfu' e'e ;
For weel I wat they'll fairly miss him
That's owre the Sea!

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble !
 Hadst thou ta'en aff some drowsy bummle,
 Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
 'Twad been nae plea ;
 But he was gleg as onie wumble,
 That's owre the Sea.

Auld, cantie *Kyle* may weepers wear,
 An' stain them wi' the faut, faut tear :
 'Twill make her poor, auld heart, I fear,
 In flinders flee :
 He was her *Laureat* monie a year,
 That's owre the Sea.

He saw Misfortune's cauld *Nor-west* !
 Lang mustering up a bitter blast ;
 A Jillet brak his heart at last,
 Ill may she be !
 So, took a birth afore the mast,
 An' owre the Sea.

To tremble under fortune's cummock,
 On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
 Wi' his proud, independent stomach,
 Could ill agree ;
 So, row't his hurdies in a *ham nock*,
 An' owre the Sea.

He ne'er was gien to great misguiding,
 Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in ;

Wi' him it ne'er was *und-er b'ding* ;
He dealt it free :
The muse was a' that he took pride in,
That's owre the Sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
An' hap him in a cozie biel :
Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
An' fou o' glee :
He wad na wrang'd the vera Deil,
That's owre the Sea.

Fareweel, my *rhyme-composing* billie !
Your native soil was right ill-willie ;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
Now bonilie :
I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
Tho' owre the Sea !

TO A
HAGGIS.

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great Chieftain o' the Puddin' race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:
Weel are you wordy o' a *grace*
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there you fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your *pin* wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distill
Like amber bead.

His knife see Rustic-labour dight,
An' cut you up wi' ready sight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like onie ditch:
And then, O what a glorious fight,
Warm-reekin, rich!

Then, horn for horn they stretch and strive,
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,

Till a' their wee-swall'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums;
Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums.

Is there that owre his French *ragout*,
Or *olio* that wad staw a fow,
Or *fricassie* wad make her spew
Wi' perfect sconner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view,
On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a' wither'd rash,
His spindle-shank a guid whip-lash,
His nieve a nit;
Thro' bluidy flood or field to dash,
O how unfit!

But mark the Rustic, *haggis-fed*,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his waleie nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whistle
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
Like taps o' thrifles.

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae flinking ware
That jaups in luggies;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
Gie her a *luggie*!

A

DEDICATION

TO

O**** H*****, Esq.

EXPECT na', sir, in this narration,
 A fleechin, fleth'rin Dedication,
 To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
 An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid ;
 Because ye're firnam'd like *His Grace*
 Perhaps related to the race :
 Then when I'm tir'd—and sae are ye,
 Wi' monie a fullsome, sinfu' lie,
 Set up a face, how I stop short,
 For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
 Maun please the Great Folk for a wamefou ;
 For me ! sae laigh I need na bow,
 For, LORD be thankit, *I can plough* ;
 And when I downa yoke a naig,
 Then, LORD be thankit, *I can beg* ;
 Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'rin,
 'Tis just *sic Poet an' sic Patron*.

The Poet, some guid Angel help him,
 Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp him !
 He may do well for a' he's done yet,
 But only—he's no just begun yet.

The Patron, (Sir, ye maun forgie me,
 I winna lie, come what will o' me)
 On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
 He's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
 He downa fee a poor man want :
 What's no his ain, he winna tak it ;
 What ance he says, he winna brak it ;
 Ought he can lend he'll no refus't,
 Till aft his guidness is abus'd ;
 And raseals whyles that do him wrang,
 Ev'n *that*, he does na mind it lang :
 As Master, Landlord, Husband, Father,
 He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that ;
 Nae *godly symptom* ye can ca' that ;
 'Tis naething but a milder feature,
 Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt Nature :
 Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
 'Mang black Gentoons, and Pagan Turks,
 Or hunters wild on *Ponotaxi*,
 Wha never heard of Orth-d-xy,

'That he's the poor man's friend in need,
 'The *Gentleman* in word and deed,
 'Tis no thro' terror o' D-mn-t--n;
 'Tis just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
 Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain!
 Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is
 In *moral* Mercy, Truth and Justice!

No—stretch a point to catch a plack;
 Abuse a Brother to his back;
 Steal thro' the *winnow* frae a wh-re,
 But point the Rake that taks the *door*;
 Be to the Poor like onie whuntane;
 And hand their noses to the grunstone;
 Ply ev'ry art o' *legal* thieving;
 No matter—stick to *sound* believing.

Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile graces,
 W' weel spread looves, an' lang wry faces!
 Grunt up a solemn lengthen'd groan,
 And damn a' Parties but your own;
 I'll warrant then, ye're nae Deceiver,
 A steady, sturdy; staunch Believer.

O ye wha leave the springs o' *C-lu-n*,
 For *gumlie dubs* of your ain delvin!
 Ye sons of Heresy and Error,
 Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror!

When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
 And in the fire throws the sheath;
 When Ruin, with his sweeping *besom*,
 Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him;
 While o'er the *Harp* pale Mis'ry moans,
 And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
 Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans!

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
 I maist forget my *Dedication*;
 But when Divinity comes 'cross me,
 My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, Sir, you see 'twas nae daft vapour,
 But I maturely thought it proper,
 When a' my works I did review,
 To dedicate them Sir, to *You* :
 Because (ye need na tak it ill)
 I thought them something like yoursel.

Then patronize them wi' your favor,
 And your Petitioner shall ever——
 I had amais't said, *ever pray*,
 But that's a word I need na say :
 For prayin I hae little skill o't ;
 I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't ;
 But I'll repeat each poor man's *pray'r*,
 That kens or hears about you, Sir——

' May ne'er Misfortune's growling bark,
 ' Howl thro' the dwelling o' the *Clerk* !
 ' May ne'er his gen'rous honest heart,
 ' For that same gen'rous spirit smart !
 ' May K*****'s, far-honour'd name
 ' Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
 ' Till H*****'s, at least a diz'n,
 ' Are frae their nuptial labors risen :
 ' Five bonie Lasses round their table,
 ' And sev'n braw Fellows, stout an able,
 ' To serve their King an' Country weel,
 ' By word, or pen, or pointed steel !
 ' May Health and Peace, with mutual rays,
 ' Shine on the ev'ning o' his days !
 ' Till his wee, curlie *John's* ier oe,
 ' When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
 ' The last, sad, mournful rites bestow !

I will not wind a long conclusion,
 With complimentary effusion ;
 But whilst your wishes and endeavours,
 Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours,
 I am, dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
 Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Pow'rs above prevent)
 That iron-hearted Carl, *Want*,
 Attended, in his grim advances,
 By sad mistakes, and black mischances,

While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
 Make you as poor a dog as I am,
 Your *humble servant* then no more ;
 For who would humbly serve the Poor ?
 But, by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n !
 While recollection's pow'r is giv'n,
 If, in the vale of humble life,
 The victim sad of Fortune's strife,
 I, thro' the tender gushing tear,
 Should recognise my *Master dear*,
 If friendless, low, we meet together,
 Then, Sir, your hand—my *Friend and Brother* !

TO A

LOUSE,

On seeing one on a Lady's Bonnet at Church.

HA ! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie !
Your impudence protects you fairlie :
I canna say but ye strut rarely,
Owre gauze and lace ;
Tho' faith, I fear, ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, crecpin, blastit wonner,
Detested, thunn'd, by saunt an' finner,
How dare ye set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a Lady!
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,
On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle;
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle
In shoals and nations;
Whare *horn* nor *bare* ne'er daur unsettle
Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,
 Below the fatt'rels, snug and tight;
 Na faith ye yet! ye'll no be right;
 Till ye've got on it,
 The vera tapmoft, tow'ring height
 O' *Mifs's bonnet*.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,
 As plump an' gray as onie grozet:
 O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
 Or fell, red fmeddum,
 I'd gie ye sic a hearty dose o't,
 Wad dress your droddum!

I wad na been surpriz'd to spy
 You on an auld wife's flainen toy,
 Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
 On's wyliecoat;
 But Mifs's fine *Lunardi*! fie!
 How dare you do't!

O, *Jenny*, dinna tofs your head,
 An' set your beauties a' abroad!
 Ye little ken what cursed speed
 The blaslie's makin',
 Thae *winks* and *finger-ends*, I dread,
 Are notice takin'!

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us !
 It wad frae many a blunder free us
 An' foolish notion :
 What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
 And e'en Devotion !

ADDRESS
TO
EDINBURGH.

I.

EDINA! *Scotia's* darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once, beneath a Monarch's feet,
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs;
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs
As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

II.

Here Wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy Trade his labour plies;
There Architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendor rise:
Here justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod;
There learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks Science in her coy abode.

III.

Thy Sons' *Edina*, social, kind,
 With open arms the stranger hail ;
 Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind
 Above the narrow, rural vale :
 Attentive still to Sorrow's wail,
 Or modest Merit's silent claim ;
 And never may their sources fail !
 And never envy blot their name !

IV.

Thy Daughters bright thy walks adorn,
 Gay as the gilded summer sky,
 Sweet as the dewy, milk-white thorn,
 Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy !
 Fair B—— strikes the adoring eye,
 Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine ;
 I see the *Sire of Love* on high,
 And own his work indeed divine !

V.

There, watching high the least alarms,
 Thy rough, rude Fortress gleams afar ;
 Like some bold Vet'ran, gray in arms,
 And mark'd with many a feamy scar :
 The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
 Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
 Have oft withstood assailing War,
 And oft repell'd th' Invader's shock.

VI.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
 I view that noble, stately Dome,
 Where *Scotia's* kings of other years,
 Fam'd heroes! had their royal home:
 Alas, how chang'd the times to come!
 Their royal Name, low in the dust!
 Their hapless Race wild-wand'ring roam!
 Tho' rigid law cries out,—'twas just!

VII.

Wild beats my heart, to trace your steps,
 Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
 Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
 Old *Scotia's* bloody lion bore:
 Ev'n *I* who sing in rustic lore,
 Haply my *Sires* have left their shed,
 And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar,
 Bold-following where your Fathers led!

VIII.

Edina! *Scotia's* darling seat!
 All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
 Where once, beneath a Monarch's feet,
 Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!
 From marking wildly-scatt'ered flow'rs,
 As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
 I shelter in thy honor'd shade,

EPISTLE

TO

J. L * * * * K,

AN OLD SCOTCH BARD.

April 1, 1785.

WHILE briers and woodbines budding green,
 An' Patrick's scraichin loud at e'en,
 And morning Pouffie whiddin seen
 Inspire my Muse,
 'This freedom, in an *unknown* frien',
 I pray excuse.

On Fasten-e'en we had a rockin
 To ca' the crack and weave our stockin;
 And there was muckle fun and jokin,
 Ye need na doubt;
 At length we had a hearty yokin
 At *fang* aboot.

There was ae *sang*, among the rest,
 Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
 That some kind husband had addrest
 To some sweet wife :
 It thrill'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
 A' to the life.

I've scarce heard ought describ'd fae weel,
 What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel ;
 Thought I, ' Can this be Pope, or Steel,
 Or Beattie's wark ?'
 They tauld, me 'twas an odd kind chiel
 About *Muirkirk*.

It pat me fidgin-fain to hear't ;
 An' fae about him there I spier't ;
 Then a' that kent him round declar'd,
 He had *ingine*,
 That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
 It was fae fine.

That, fet him to a pint of ale,
 An' either dounce or merry tale,
 Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel,
 Or witty catches,
 'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale
 He had few matches.

Then up I gat' an swoor an aith/
 Tho' I should pawn my pleugh an' graith,

Or die a cadger pownie's death
At some dyke-back,
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith,
To hear you crack.

But, first an' foremost, I should tell,
Amait as soon as I could spell,
I to the *crambo jingle* fell,
Tho' rude an' rough,
Yet crooning to a body's fell,
Does weel enough.

I am nae *Poet* in a sense,
But just a *Rhymer*, like, by chance,
An' hae to Learning nae pretence,
Yet, what the matter?
Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

Your Critic-folk may cock their nose,
And say, ‘ How can you e’er propose,
‘ You wha ken hardly *verse* frae *prose*,
 ‘ To mak a *sang* ?’
But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye’re may be wrang.

What's a your jargon o' your Schools,
Your Latin names for horns an' stools,
If honest Nature made you *fools*,
What sairs your Grammars?

Ye'd better ta'en up spades and shools,
Or knappin hammers.

A fet o' dull, conceited Hafhes,
Confuse their brains in College-claffes !
'They gang in Stirks, and come out Affes,
Plain truth to speak ;
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek !

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire ;
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
At pleugh or cart,
My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

O for a spunk o' *Allan's* glee,
Or *Ferguson's*, the bauld an' flee,
Or dricht *L*****k's*, my friend to be,
If I can hit it !
That would be *lear* enough for me,
If I could get

Now, Sir, if ye hae friends enow,
Tho' real friends I b'lieve are few,
Yet, if your catalogue be fou,
I'll se no infist ;
But, gif ye want ae friend that's t.
I'm on your

I winna blaw about mysel,
As ill I like my fauts to tell ;
But friends, an' folk that wish me well,
 They sometimes roose me ;
Tho' I maun own, as monie still,
 As far abuse me.

There's ae *wae faut* they whiles lay to me,
I like the lasses—Gude forgie me!
For monie a plack they wheedle frae me,
At dance or fair:
May be some *ither thing* they gie me
They weel can spare.

But *Mau. bline* Race or *Mauchl ne* Fair,
I should be proud to meet you there ;
We'll gie ae night's discharge to care,
If we forgather,
An' hae a swap o' *rhymin-ware*
Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we've gar him clatter,
An' kisen him wi' reekin' water;
Sy by he'll leave us an' tak our whitter,
To cheer our heart;
A ain, we've be acquainted better
Before we part.

Awa ye selfish, warly race,
Wha think t' w'akens, sense, an' grace,

TO THE SAME.

April 21, 1785.

W HILE new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake
An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
'This hour on e'ening's edge I take
To own I'm debtor
To honest-hearted, auld L*****k,
For his kind letter.

Forjesket fair, with weary legs,
Rattlin th' corn out-owre the rigs,
Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
 Their ten-hours bite,
My awkart Muse fair pleads and begs
 I would na write.

The tapetlefs, ramfeeze'd hizzie,
She's faft at belt an' fomething lazy :
Quo' fhe, ' Ye ken we've been fae bufy
 'This month an' mair,
' That trouth my head is grown right dizzie,
 ' An' fomething fair.'

Her dowff excuses pat me mad;
 ‘ Conscience,’ says I, ‘ ye thowless jad,
 ‘ I’ll write, an’ that a hearty blaud,
 ‘ This vera night,
 ‘ So dinna ye affront your trade,
 ‘ But rhyme it right.

‘ Shall bauld L*****k, the king o’ hearts,
 ‘ Tho’ mankind were a pack o’ cartes,
 ‘ Roofe you fae well for your deserts,
 ‘ In terms fae friendly,
 ‘ Yet ye’ll neglect to shaw your parts
 ‘ An’ thank him kindly?’

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
 An’ down gaed *slumpie* in the ink:
 Quoth I, ‘ Before I sleep a wink,
 ‘ I vow I’ll close it;
 ‘ An’ if ye winna mak it clink,
 By Jove I’ll prose it!’

Sae I’ve begun to scrawl, but whether
 In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,
 Or some hotch-potch that’s rightly neither,
 Let time mak proof;
 But I shall scribble down some blether
 Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
 Tho' fortune use you hard an' sharp,
 Come, kittle up your *moorland harp*

Wi' gleesome touch!

Ne'er mind how Fortune *wast* an' *warp*;
 She's but a b-tch.

She's gien me monie a jirt an' fleg
 Sin I could striddle owre a rig;
 But, by the L.—d, tho' I should beg

Wi' lyart pow,

I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
 As lang's I dow!

Now comes the sax-an'-twentieth simmer,
 I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
 Still persecuted by the linner

Frae year to year;

But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,

I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the city *Gent*.
 Behint a kist to lie an' sklent,
 Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.
 An' muckle wame,

In some bit Brugh to represent

A Bailie's name?

Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane,
 Wi' ruff'd sack an' glancing cane,

Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
 But lordly italks,
 While caps and bonnets aff are ta'en,
 As by he walks?

‘ O, *Thou* wha gies us each good gift!
 ‘ Gie me o’ wit an’ sence a lift,
 ‘ Then turn me, if *Thou* please, adrift
 ‘ Thro’ Scotland wide;
 ‘ Wi’ cits nor lairds I wadna shift
 ‘ In a’ their pride!’

Were this the *charter* of our state
 On pain o’ hell be rich an’ great,
 Damnation then would be our fate,
 Beyond remead;
 But, thanks to Heav’n, that’s no the gate
 We learn our creed.

For thus the royal Mandate ran,
 When first the human race began,
 ‘ The social, friendly, honest man
 ‘ Whate’er he be,
 ‘ ’Tis *he* fulfils *great Nature’s plan*,
 ‘ And none but he.’

O Mandate, glorious and divine!
 The followers o’ the ragged Nine,
 Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine
 In glorious light;

While fordid sons o' Mammon's line
Are dark as night.

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,
Their worthless nievesfu' of a soul
May in some *future carcase* howl
The forest's fright ;
Or in some day-detelling owl
May shun the light.

Then may *L*****k* and *B****** arise,
To reach their native kindred skies,
And *sing* their pleasures, hopes an' joys,
In some mild sphere,
Still closer knit in friendship's ties
Each passing year !

TO

W. S*****N, *Ochiltree*.*May — 1785.*

I GAT your letter, winsome *Willie*;
 Wi' gratefu' heart, I thank you brawlie;
 Tho' I maun say't, I wad be silly,
 An' unco vain,
 Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
 Your flatterin' strain.

But I've believe ye kindly meant it,
 I sud be laith to think ye hinted
 Ironie satire, fidelins sklentid
 On my poor Music:
 Tho' in sic phrasin terms ye've penn'd it,
 I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,
 Should I but dare to hope to speel
 Wi' *Alan*, or wi' *Gilbertfield*,
 The braes o' fame;
 Or *Fergusin*, the writer-chiel,—
 A deathless name.

Farrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune
 Owre Scotland rings,
 While, *Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, an' Doon*,
 Nae body sings.

Th' *Illissus, Tiber, Thames an' Seine*,
 Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line ;
 But, *Willie*, set your fit to mine,
 An' cock your crest,
 We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine
 Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld *Coila's* plains an' fells,
 Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
 Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells,
 Where glorious *Wallace*
 Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
 Frae Suthron billies.

At *Wallace's* name, what Scottish blood
 But boils up in a spring-tide flood !
 Oft have our fearless fathers strode
 By *Wallace's* side,
 Still prelling onward, red-wat shod
 Or glorious dy'd !

O sweet are *Coila's* haughs and woods,
 When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
 And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
 Their loves enjoy ;

While thro' the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry !

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me,
When winds rave thro' the naked tree ;
Or frosts on hills of *Ochiltree*
Are hoary gray ;
Or blinding drifts wild furious-flee,
Dark'ning the day !

O *Nature* ! a' thy shews an' forms
To feeling, penfive hearts hae charms !
Whether the Summer kindly warms,
Wi' life an light,
Or Winter howls, in gusty storms
The lang, dark night !

The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel' he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
An' no think lang ;
O sweet, to stray an' penfive ponder
A heart-felt sang !

The warly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-skouthers, jundie, stretch an' strive,
Let me fair *Nature*'s face describe,
And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
Bum owre their treasure.

In thae auld time, they thought the *Moon*,
 Just like a fark, or pair o' shoon,
 Wore by degrees, till her last roon
 Gaed past their viewin',
 An' shortly after she was done,
 They gat a new ane.

This past for certain undisputed;
 It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
 Till chieles gat up an' wad confute it,
 An' ca'd it wrang;
 An' muckle din there was about it,
 Baith loud an' lang.

Some *herds*, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
 Wad threap auld folk the thing misleuk;
 For, 'twas the *auld moon* turn'd a neuk,
 An' out o' fight,
 An' backlins-comin, to the leuk, -
 She grew mair bright.

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd
 The *herds* an' *biffels* were alarm'd;
 The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd,
 That beardless laddies
 Should think they better were inform'd
 Than their auld daddies.

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks;
 Frae words an' aiths to colours an' nicks;

An' monie a fallow got his licks
 Wi' hearty crunt;
 An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
 Were hang'd an' brunt.

This game was play'd in monie lands,
 An' *auld-light* caddies bure sic hands,
 That faith, the youngsters took the sands
 Wi' nimble shanks,
 Till Lairds forbade, by strict commands
 Sic bluidy pranks.

But *new-light herds* gat sic a cove,
 Folk thought them ruin'd slick-an'-flowe,
 'Till now amait on ev'ry knowe
 Ye'll find ane plac'd;
 An' some their *new-light* fair avow,
 Just quite bare-fac'd.

Nae doubt the *auld-light flocks* are bleatin';
 Their zealous *herds* are vex'd an' sweatin';
 Mysel, I've even seen them greetin'
 Wi' girnin' spite,
 'To hear the *Moon* sae sadly lie'd on
 By word an' write.

But shortly they will cove the louns!
 Some *auld-light herds* in neebor towns
 Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons,
 To tak a flight.

An' stay ae month amang the *Moons*,
 An' see them right.

Guid observation they will gie them,
 An' when the *auld Mom's* gaun to lea'e them,
 The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
 Just i' their pouch,
 An' when the *new-light* billies see them,
 I think they'll crouch!

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
 Is naething but a 'moonshine matter ;'
 But tho' dull prose-folk Latin splatter
 In logic tulzie,
 I hope, we Bardies ken some better
 Than mind sic brulzie.

EPISTLE

TO

J. R * * * * *

Incloſing ſome Poems.

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted R*****,
 The wale o' cocks for fun an' drinkin' !
 There's monie godly folks are thinkin',
 Your *dreams* * an' tricks
 Will ſend you, Korah-like, a-finkin',
 Straught to auld Nick's!

Ye hae ſae monie cracks an' cants,
 And in your wicked, drunken rants,
 Ye mak a devil o' the Saunts,
 An' fill them fou;
 And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,
 Are a' ſeen thro'.

* A certain humorous *dream* of his was then making a noiſe in the country-side.

Hypocrisy in mercy spare it !
 That holy robe, O dinna tear it !
 Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
 The lads in *black* ;
 But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
 Rives't aff their back.

Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're skaithing,
 Is just the *Blue-gown* badge an' claithing
 O' Saunts ; tak that, ye lea'e them naithing
 To ken them by,
 Frae ony unregenerate Heathen,
 Like you or I.

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,
 A' that I bargain'd for, an' mair :
 Sae, when you hae an hour to spare,
 I will expect,
 Yon *Sang* * ye'll sen't wi' cannie care,
 An' no neglect.

Tho faith, sma' heart hae I to sing !
 My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing :
 I've play'd mysel a bonie spring,
 An' danc'd my fill !
 I'd better gaen an' fair't the king,
 At *Bunker's Hill*.

* A *sang* he had promised the Author.

'Twas ae night lately, in my fun,
 I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
 An' brought a *Pairrick* to the grun',
 A bonie hen,
 And, as the twilight was begun,
 Thought nane wad ken.

The poor, wee thing was little hurt;
 I straikit it a wee for sport,
 Ne'er thinkin' they wad fash me for't;
 But, Deil-ma-care!
 Somebody tells the *Poacher-court*
 The hale affair.

Some auld, us'd hands had ta'en a note,
 That sic a hen had got a shot;
 I was suspected for the plot;
 I scorn'd to lie;
 So gat the whisle o' my groat,
 An' pay't the fee.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
 An' by my pouter an' my hail,
 An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
 I vow an' swear!
 The *Game* shall pay, o'er moor an' dale,
 For this, niest year.

As soon's the clockin'-time is by,
 An' the wee pouts begun to cry,

L--d, I've hae sportin' by an' by,
 For my gow'd-guinea;
 Tho' I should herd the *buckskin* kye
 For't in Virginia.

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame!
 'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
 But twa-three draps about the wame
 Scarce thro' the feathers;
 An' baith a yellow George to claim,
 An' thole their blethers!

It pits me ay as mad's a hare;
 So I can rhyme nor write nae mair;
 But *pen-y-worths* again is fair,
 When time's expedient;
 Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
 Your most obedient.

JOHN BARLEY-CORN.*

A

BALLAD.

I.

THERE was three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath,
John Barley-corn should die.

II.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barley-corn was dead.

III.

But the chearful Spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall;

* This is partly composed on the plan of an old song known by the same name.

John Barley-corn got up again,
And fore surpris'd them all.

IV.

The sultry funs of Summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

V.

The sober Autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale ;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

VI.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age ;
And then his enemies began
To shew their deadly rage.

VII.

They've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee ;
They ty'd him fast upon a cart,
Lame a rogue for forgerie.

VIII.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgel'd him till fore ;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

IX.

They filled up a darksome pit
 With water to the brim ;
 They heaved in John Barley-corn,
 There let him sink or swim.

X.

They laid him out upon the floor,
 To work him farther woe,
 And still, as signs of life appear'd,
 They tofs'd him to and fro.

XI.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
 The marrow of his bones ;
 But a Miller us'd him worst of all,
 He crush'd him 'tween two stones.

XII.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
 And drank it round and round ;
 And still the more and more they drank,
 Their joy did more abound.

XIII.

John Barley-corn was a hero bold,
 Of noble enterprise,
 For if you do but taste his blood,
 'Twill make your courage rise.

XIV.

'Twill make a man forget his woe ;
 'Twill heighten all his joy :
 'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
 Tho' the tear was in her eye.

XV.

Then let us toast John Barley-corn,
 Each man a glass in hand ;
 And may his great posterity
 Ne'er fail in old Scotland !

A

FRAGMENT.

Tune, GILLICRANKIE.

I.

WHEN *Guildford* good our Pilot stood,
 An' did our hellim thraw, man,
 Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
 Within *America*, man:
 Then up they gat the waskin-pat,
 And in the sea did jaw, man;
 An' did nae less, in full Congress,
 Than quite refuse our law, man.

II.

Then thro' the lakes *Montgomery* takes,
 I wat he was na slaw, man;
 Down *Lowrie's burn* he took a turn,
 And *Carlton* did ca', man:
 But yet, whatreck, he, at *Quebeck*,
Montgomery-like did fa', man,
 Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
 Among his en'mies a', man,

III.

Poor *Tammy G-g-e* within a cage
 Was kept at *Boston-ha'*, man;
 Till *Willi H-e* took o're the knowe
 For *Philadelphia*, man;
 Wi' sword and gun he thought a fin
 Guid Christian bluid to draw, man;
 But at *New-York*, wi' knife an' fork,
 Sir Loin he hacked sma', man.

IV.

B-rg-ne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
 Till *Frazer* brave did fa', man;
 Then lost his way, ae misty day,
 In *Saratoga* shaw, man:
C-rnw-ll-s fought as lang's he dought,
 An' did the Buckskins claw, man;
 But *L-nt-n's* glaive frae rust to save
 He hung it to the wa', man.

V.

Then *M-nt-g-e* an' *Guildford* too,
 Began to fear a fa', man;
 An' *S-ckv-l'e* doure, wha stood the stoure,
 The German Chief to thrav, man;
 For Paddy *Burke*, like ony Turk,
 Nae mercy had at a', man;
 An' *Charles F-x* threw by the box,
 An' low's'd his tinkler jaw, man.

VI.

Then *R-ck—ngh-m* took up the game,
 'Till Death did on him ca', man;
 When *Sh-lb-rne* meek held up his cheek,
 Conform to Gospel law, man!
 Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
 They did his measures thraw, man,
 For *N-rth* an' *F-x* united stocks,
 An' bore him to the wa', man.

VII.

Then Clubs an' Hearts were *Charlie's* carts,
 He swept the stakes awa', man;
 Till the Diamond's Ace, of *Indian* race,
 Led him a fair *faux pas*, man:
 The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
 On *Chatham's* Boy did ca', man;
 An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,
 "Up, Willie, war them a', man!"

VIII.

Behind the throne then *Gr-nv-ll's* gone,
 A secret word or twa, man;
 While flee *D-nd-s* arous'd the class
 Be-north the Roman wa', man:
 An' *C batham's* wraith, in heav'nly graith,
 (Inspired bardies saw, man;)
 Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, '*Willie*, rise!
 ' Would I hae fear'd them a', man!"

IX.

But, word an' blow, *A-rth, F-x, and Co.*
 Gowff'd *Willie* like a ba', man;
 Till *Suthron* raise, and coost their claife
 Behind him in a raw, man;
 An' *Caledon* threw by the drone,
 An' did her whittle draw, man;
 An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood,
 To make it guid in law, man.

S O N G.

Tune, *Corn rigs are bonie.*

I.

IT was upon a Lammas-night,
 When corn rigs are bonie,
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
 I held awa to Annie :
 The time flew by, wi' tentless head,
 Till 'tween the late and early ;
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
 To see me thro' the barley.

II.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
 The moon was shining clearly ;
 I set her down, wi' right good will,
 Among the rigs o' barley :
 I kent her heart was a' my ain ;
 I lov'd her most sincerely ;
 I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
 Among the rigs o' barley.

III.

I Lock'd her in my fond embrace ;
 Her heart was beating rarely :
 My blessings on that happy place,
 Among the rigs o' barley !
 But by the moon and stars so bright,
 That shone that hour so clearly !
 She ay shall bless that happy night,
 Among the rigs o' barley.

IV.

I hae been blythe with comrades dear ;
 I hae been merry drinking ;
 I hae been joyfu' gath'ring gear ;
 I hae been happy thinking :
 ' The pleasures e'er I saw,
 Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
 That happy night was worth them a',
 Among the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
 An' corn rigs are bonie ;
 -forget that happy night,
 ' the rigs wi' Annie.

SONG,

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

Tune, I had a horse, I had nae mair.

I.

NOW westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns
 Bring Autumn's pleasant weather ;
 The Moorcock springs on whirring wings,
 Among the blooming heather :
 Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
 Delights the weary Farmer ;
 And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
 To muse upon my Charmer.

II.

The Partridge loves the fruitful fells ;
 The Plover loves the mountains ;
 The Woodcock haunts the lonely dells ;
 The soaring Hern the fountains :
 Thro' lofty groves the Cuckoo roves,
 The path of man to shun it ;
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush,
 The spreading thorn the Linnet.

III.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
 The savage and the tender ;
 Some social join, and leagues combine ;
 Some solitary wander :
 Avaunt, away ! the cruel sway,
 Tyrannic man's dominion ;
 The Sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
 The fluttering, gory pinion !

IV.

But, *Peggy* dear, the ev'ning's clear,
 Thick flies the skimming Swallow ;
 The sky is blue, the fields in view,
 All fading-green and yellow :
 Come let us ~~view~~ ^{take} ~~our~~ ^{pic-} ~~some~~ ^{ture} way,
 And view the charms of Nature ;
 The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
 And ev'ry happy creature.

V.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
 'Till the silent moon shine clearly :
 Then softly wait, and, fondly press,
 Swear how I love thee dearly :
 Not carnal flow'rs to budding flow'rs,
 Not Autumn to the Farmer,
 So dear can be, as thou to me,
 My fair, my lovely Charmer !

S O N G,

Tune, *My Nannie, O.*

I.

BEHIND yon hills where Stinchar flows,
 'Mang moors and mosses many, O,
 The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
 And I'll away to Nannie, O.

II.

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shrill;
 The night, baith mirk an' rainy, O;
 But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal,
 An' owre the hill to Nannie, O.

III.

My Nannie's charming, sweet an' young;
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
 May ill befa' the flatt'ring tongue
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

IV.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonie, O;
 The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

V.

A country lad is my degree,
 An' few there be that ken me, O;
 But what care I how few they be,
 I'm welcome ay to Nannie, O.

VI.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
 An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
 But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a', my Nannie, O.

VII.

Our auld Guidman delights to view
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O;
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his plough,
 An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

VIII.

Come weel come woe, I care na by,
 I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 'Til live, an' love my Nannie, O.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A FRAGMENT.

CHORUS.

*Green grow the rashes, O ;
Green grow the rashes, O ;
The sweetest hours that 'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O.*

I.

THERE's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O ;
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na' for the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

II.

The warly race may riches chafe,
An riches still may fly them, O ;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

III.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
 My arms about my Dearie, O;
 An' warly cares, an' warly men,
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!
Green grow, &c.

IV.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
 The wisest Man the warl' saw,
 He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

V.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O;
 Her 'prentice han' she try'd on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

SONG.

Tune, *Jockey's Gray Breeds.*

I.

A GAIN rejoicing Nature fees
Her robe assume its vernal hues ;
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

CHORUS*.

*And maun I still on Menie† doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e !
For its jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be !*

II.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the v'lets spring ;
In vain to me in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.
And maun I still, &c.

* The chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the Author's.

† *Menie* is the common abbreviation of *Marianne*.

III.

The merry Ploughboy cheers his team,
 Wi' joy the tentie Seedsman stalks,
 But life to me's a weary dream,
 A dream of ane that never wauks.

And maun I still, &c.

IV.

The wanton coot the water skims,
 Among the reeds the ducklings cry,
 The stately swan majestic swims,
 And ev'ry thing is blest but I,

And maun I still, &c.

V.

The Sheep-herd steeks his faulding flap,
 And owre the moorlands whistles shrill,
 'Tis wild, unequal, wand'ring step
 I meet him on the dewy hill.

And maun I still, &c.

VI.

— And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
 Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
 And mounts and sings on flitt'ring wings,
 A woe-worn ghast I hame-ward glide.

And maun I still, &c.

— VII.

Come Winter, with thine angry howl,
 And raging bend the naked tree ;

Thy gloom will sooth my chearless soul,
 When nature all is sad like me!

*And maun I still on Menie doat,
 An' bear the scorn that's in her e'e!
 For it's jet, jet black, and it's like a hawk,
 An' it winna let a body be.*

at all
 alas
 alone
 Almost, almost
 Among, among

SONG.

Tune—*Roslin Castle.*

I.

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
 Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast,
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
 I see it driving o'er the plain;
 The hunter now has left the moor,
 The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
 While here I wander, prest with care,
 Along the lonely banks of *Ayr*.

II.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn,
 By early Winter's ravage torn;
 Her feller placid, azure sky,
 And howling tempest fly;
 Borne aloft to hear it rave,
 And see the stormy wave,
 A stranger I must dare,
 Along the banks of *Ayr*.

Come Winter, with thine angry m
 And raging bend the naked tree;

Tho' Death in evry shape appear,
 The wretched have no more to fear;
 But round my heart the ties are bound,
 That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
 These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
 To leave the bonie banks of *Ayr*.

IV.

Farewell, old *Coila's* hills and joy be w,
 Her heathy moors and I.
 The scenes where v
 Pursuing past, unhart-warm, fond adieu!
 Farewell, my friend the *mythic-tye*!
 My peace with these'd Few,
 The bursting tears my social joy!
 Farewell, the bonie bds must lie,
 slidd'ry ba',
 and brimful eye,
 Tho' far awa'.

d,
 live right
 command,
 ons of light,
 yphic bright,
 ster I will, a cinder
 am low, las
 ane, alone
 Amidst, almost
 Among, among

SONG.

I.

DEROY.

THE gloomy night is gath'ring
 Loud roars the wild, inconstant
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain
 I see it driving o'er the plain ; it go,
 The hunter now has left the mead
 The scatter'd coveys meet fecthrow
 While here I wander, prest with
 Along the lonely banks of Ang wide,

II.

divide

The Autumn mourns, I from thee.

By early Winter's

Her feller placid, as

And, howling to

And blood to hear dear

And to lonely wave,

As for anger I must

Links of

art

Come Winter, with thine anger

And raging bend the naked

THE
FAREWELL.

TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'
LODGE, TARBOLTON.

Tune—*Good night and joy be wi' you a'.*

I.

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!

Dear brothers of the *mystic-tye*!

Ye favored, *enlighten'd* Few,

Companions of my social joy!

Tho' I to foreign lands must lie,

Pursuing Fortune's *slid'ry* ba',

With melting heart, and brimful eye,

I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

II.

Of have I met your social Band,

And spent the cheerful, festive night!

Of honour'd with supreme command,

Presided o'er the *Sons of light*;

And by that *Hieroglyphic* bright

Which none but the *honest*

Mem'and, *ster* *hand*, *not* *cinder*

thoughtless follies laid him low, *as*

And sta' *Amass*, *almost*

Amang, *among*

III.

May Freedom, Harmony, and Love,
 Unite you in the *grand Design*,
 Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,
 The glorious *Architect* Divine !
 That you may keep th' *unerring line*,
 Still ming by the *plummet's* *law*,
 Till *Order* bright completely shine,
 Shall be my Pray'r when far awa'.

IV.

And You, farewell ! whose merits claim
 That *high* badge to wear !
 Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble Name,
 To *Maforey* and *Sentia* dear !
 To bid I *quell* permit me here,
 Where *early* ye assemble'd,
 To *part* I take it with a *tear*,
 To bid the *band* that's far awa'.

And

B

And

A

or

books of

1846

I

Come Winter, with thine ang.

And raging bend the naked

SONG.

Tune, *Prepare my dear brethren, to the
tavern let's fly, &c.*

I.

NO Churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No Statesman nor Soldier to plot or to fight,
No fly man of business contriving a snare,
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.

II.

The Peer I don't envy, I give him his bow;
I scorn not a Peasant, tho' ever so low;
Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave,
Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,
Gaze on this grave!

The poor inn-keeper
Was quick to lend a friendly ear
And keady to the friendly ear
And softer than the hot cinder
The thoughtless follies hid him low, alas
And flung him alone
Amidst, almost
Among, among

V.

I once was persuaded a venture to make :
 A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck ;
 But the purfy old landlord just waddl'd up stairs,
 With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

VI.

“ Life's cares they are comforts*”—a maxim laid
 down
 By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the
 black gown ;
 And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair ;
 For a big-belly'd bottle's a heaven of a care.

A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge.

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
 And honours masonic prepare for to throw ;
 May ev'ry true brother of the Compass and Square
 Have a big belly'd bottle when —
 To him, the Bard that's far awa'.

And

B

And

A

on

books of

Come Winter, with thine ang.

And raging bend the naked

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
 Draw near with pious rev'rence, and attend !
 Here lie the loving Husband's dear remains,
 The tender Father, and the gen'rous Friend.
 The pitying heart that felt for human Woe ;
 The dauntless heart that fear'd no human Pride ;
 The Friend of Man, to vice alone a foe ;
 ' For ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's side.*'

FOR R. A. ESQ.

Have a big belly'd bottle when -
 For him, the Bard that's far awa'.

And

Is

And

As

For

Books of

Come Winter, with thine ang.

And raging bend the naked

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

IS there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near :
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a Bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,
O, pass not by!
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here, leave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave,
Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,
Look on this grave!

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
 Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
 Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
 In low pursuit,
 Know, prudent, cautious, *self controul*,
 Is Wisdom's root.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

Come Winter with thine ang
 And raging bend the naked

GLOSSARY.

THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo*, is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scotch Language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scotch words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scotch diphthongs, *ae*, always, and *ea* very often, sound like the French *é* masculine. The Scotch diphthong *ey*, sounds like the Latin *ei*.

A

A, all
 Aback, away, aloof
 Abeigh, at a shy distance
 Aboon, above, up
 Abread, abroad, in sight
 Abreed, in breadth
 Ae, one
 Aff, off, *Aff-loof*, unpremeditated
 Afore, before
 Aft, oft
 Aften, often

Agley, off the right line, wrong
 Aiblins, perhaps
 Ain, own
 Airn, iron
 Aith, an oath
 Aits, oats
 Aiver, an old horse
 Aizle, a hot cinder
 Alake, alas
 Alane, alone
 Amaist, almost
 Amang, among

An' and, if
 Ance, once
 Ane, one, an
 Anither, another
 Artfu', artful
 Ase, ashes
 AReer, abroad, flinging
 Aught, eight, possession, as
in a' my aught, in all my
 possession
 Auld, old
 Auld-farran, or auld-farrant,
 sagacious, cunning, prudent
 Ava, at all
 Awa, away
 Awfu', awful
 Awkair, awkward
 Awn, the beard of Barley,
 oats, &c.
 Awaile, bearded
 Ayont, beyond

B

BA', ball
Bad, did bid
 Bade, endured, did stay
 Baggie, the belly
 Bairn, both
 Bairn, a child
 Bannet, a brood, a family
 of children
 Bann, having large bones, stout
 Bauld, common, coming back,
 returning
 Bane, bone
 Bing, an effort
 Birdie, *diminutive* of baird
 Barefit, barefooted
 Barking, barking
 Parkit, barked
 Barmie, of or like barm
 Barm', bassful
 Batch, a crew, a gang
 Batts, betts
 Baudrons, a cat

Bauld, bold, *Bauldly*, boldly
 Bauk, a cross beam
 Baulin, the end of a beam
 Baws'nt, having a white stripe
 down the face
 Be, *to let be*, to give over, to
 cease
 Beattie, *dimin.* of beast
 Beet, to add fuel to the
 Befu', to befall
 Behind, or bein', behind
 Belyve, by and by
 Belly fu', bellyfull
 Ben, into the *spence* or parlour
 Benlomond, a noted mountain
 in Dunbartonshire
 Bethankit, the grace after meat
 Best, be it
 Beuk, a book
 Bicker, a kind of wooden dish,
 a short race
 Bick, or bick', flicker
 Bien, wealthy, plentiful
 Big, to build, *B'ggit*, builded
 Biggin, building a house
 Bul, a bull
 Billie, a brother, a young fel-
 low
 Bing, a heap of grain, pota-
 toes, &c.
 Birkie a-clever fellow
 Biring, the noise of partridges
 &c. when they spring
 Bit, crisis, nick of time
 Bizz, to buzz, a buzz
 Blattie, a shriveled dwarf, a
 term of contempt
 Blattit, blatted
 Blate, baithful, sheepish
 Blather, the bladder
 Bland, a flat piece of any
 thing; to slap
 Blaw, to blow, to boast
 Bleadin, bleating
 Bleezin, blazing
 Blessin, blessing

- Flether', to talk silly nonsense
 Bleth'rin, talking idly
 Blink, a little while, a smiling
 look, to look kindly, to shine
 by fits
 Blinker, a term of contempt
 Blinkin, smirking
 Blue gown, one of those beg-
 gars who get annually on
 the King's birth-day, a blue
 cloak or gown, with a badge
 Bluid, blood, *Bluidy*, bloody
 Blush't, did blush
 Blype, a sired, a large piece
 Bock, to vomit, to gush inter-
 mitently
 Boked, gushed, vomited
 Bodle, a small old coin, in va-
 lue one sixth of a penny
 Boniē, handsome, beautiful
 Bonilie, handsomely, beauti-
 fully
 Bonnock, a kind of thick cake
 of bread
 Boord, a board
 Boost, behaved, must needs
 Boortrie, the shrub elder, plan-
 ted much of old in hedges
 of barn-yards, &c.
 B tch, an angry tumour
 Bother, to pother
 Bow-kail, cabbage
 Bow't, bended, crooked
 Brachens, fern
 Brae, declivity, a precipice,
 the slope of a hill
 Braid, broad
 Braik, a kind of harrow
 Braindge, to run rashly forward
 Braindg't, reel'd forward
 Brak, broke, made insolvent
 Branks, a kind of wooden curb
 for horses
 Brash, a sudden illness
 Brats, coarse clothes, rags
 Brattle, a short race, hurry,
 fury
 Braw, fine, handsome
 Brawly, very well, finely,
 heartily
 Brawnle, stout, brawny
 Braxie, a mockin sheep, &c.
 Breakin, breaking
 Breathin, breathing
 Breastie, *dimin.* or breast
 Breastit, did spring up or for-
 ward
 Breef, an invulnerable, or in-
 resistable spell
 Breeks, breeches
 Brewin, brewing
 Brie, juice, liquid
 Brig, a bridge
 Briskit, the breast, the bosom
 Brither, a brother
 Brogue, a hum, a trick
 Broo, broth, liquid, water
 Broose, a race at country wed-
 dings who shall first reach
 the bridegroom's house on
 returning from Church
 Brugh, a borough
 Bulzie, a broil, a combustion
 Bunt, did burn
 Brunstane, brimstone
 Bust, to burst
 Buckikin, an inhabitant of
 Virginia
 Buirdly, stout-made, broad-
 built
 Buire did bear
 Bum-clock, a humming-beetle
 that flies in the Summer
 evening
 Bummie, to blunder
 Bummig, humming as bees
 Bumler, a blunderer
 Burn, water, a rivulet
 Burrewin, *i.e.* burn the wind,
 a blacksmith

Burnie, *dimin.* of burn
 Buskit, dressed
 Bustle, bustle, to bustle
 But, an ben, the country kitchen an parlour
 But, without
 Byre, a cow stable
 By himlet, lunatic, distracted.

C

CA', to call, to name, to drive

Ca't or ca'd, called, driven, calved

Cadie or caddie, a young fellow who runs messages

Cadger, a carrier

Caff, chaff

Caied, a tinker

Cahn, a loose heap of stones

Cal'-ward, a small enclosure for calves

Callan, a boy

Caller, fresh, sound

Cam, did come

Canna, cannot

Cannie, gentle, mild, dexterous

Cannille, dexterously, gently

Canth-idian, made of cantharides

Cantraip, a charm, a spell

Cantie, cheerful, merry

Cape stone, cope-stone, key-stone

Careelin, caressing

Carryin, carrying

Careelin, cheerfully

Cartes, cards

Carlin, a stout old woman

Caudron, a caldron

Caup, a wooden drinking vessel

Cauld, cold

Chanter, a part of a bagpipe

Chantin, chanting

Chap, a person, a fellow, a blow

Chearfu', cheerful

Cheep, a chirp; to chirp

Checkit, checked

Chiel or cheel, a young fellow

Chimla or chimlie, a fire-grate

Chimla-lug, the fire-side

Chittering, shivering, trembling

Chow, to chew; *cheek for chow*, side by side

Choakin, choking

Chuffie, fat-faced

Claife, or claes, cloaths

Clash, an idle tale, the story of the day

Claw, to scratch

Clachan, a small village, a hamlet

Clakit, wrote

Clap, clapper of a mill

Claut, to clean, to scrape

Clauted, scraped

Clatter, to tell idle stories; an idle story

Cleed, to clothe

Cleith, cloth, *claiting*, cloathing

Clinkin, jerking, clinking

Clinkumbell, who rings the church bell

Clips, sheers

Clishmaclaver, idle conversation

Clock, to hatch; a beetle

Clockin, hatching

Clour, a bump or swelling after a blow

Cloot, the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.

Clootie, an old name for the Devil

Coaxin, wheedling

Coble, a fishing boat

Cog, a wooden dish

Coggie, *dimin.* of cog

- Colie, a general and some-
 times a peculiar name for
 country cur dogs
 Comin, coming
 Commaun, command
 Coud, the cud
 Coot, a blockhead, a ninny,
 Cookit, appeared and disap-
 peared by fits
 Cool did cast
 Cootie, wooden kitchen dish;
all these fowls whose Legs
are clad with feathers, are
said to be cootie
 Core, corps, party, clan
 Cotla, from Kyle, a district
 of Ayrshire, so called, faith
 tradition, from Ceil, or
 Coilus, a Pictish Monarch
 Cotter, the inhabitant of a *cot-*
house or cottage
 Cowe, to terrify, to keep under,
 to lop; a flight, a branch of
 furze, broom, &c.
 Cowp, to barter, to tumble
 over; a fall, a gang
 Cowpit, tumbled
 Cowte, a colt
 Cowin, cowering
 Couthie, kind, loving
 Cove, a cavern
 Cozie, snug, cozily, snugly
 Crabit, a crab, a crab
 Crack, conversation; to con-
 versate
 Crak n, a conveyance
 Crant, or crant, a field near a
 house, *in old husbandry*
 Crank, the noise of an ungreas-
 ed wheel
 Crankous, fretful, captious
 Crambo-click, or crambo-jin-
 gle, rhymes, doggerel verses
 Craueuch, the hoar frost
 Crap, a crop, the top
 Craw, a crow of a cock, a rook
 Creel, a basket; *to have one's*
twits in a creel; to be craz'd,
 to be fascinated
 Creechie, greasy
 Creepin, creeping
 Cronie, crony
 Croud, or croud, to coo as a
 dove
 Croon, a hollow continued
 moan; to make a noise like
 the continued roar of a bull,
 to hum a tune
 Crooning, humming
 Crowlen, crawling
 Crouchie, crook-backed
 Crowdie-time, breakfast time
 Crouse, cheerful, courageous
 Crousy, cheerfully, courage-
 ously
 Crushin, crushing, crush't,
 crushed
 Crump, hard and brittle, *spon-*
ken of bread
 Crunt, a blow on the head
 wit a cudgel
 Cuit, a blockhead, a ninny
 Cummock, a short staff with
 a crooked head
 Curler, a player on ice
 Cushie, a courtesy
 Culing, a well known game
 on ice
 Curlic, curled, whose hair
 falls naturally in ringlets
 Curnurring, murmuring,
 slight, rumbling noise
 Curpin, the crupper
 Cushat, the dove, or wood
 pigeon.

D

DADDIE, a father
 Dast, merry, giddy,
 foolish
 Dassin, merriment, foolishness.

- Dainty, pleasant, good humoured, agreeable
 Daimen, rare, now and then; *daimen-icker*, an ear of corn, now and then
 Dancin, dancing
 Dappl't, dappled
 Darg, a day's labour
 Darklins, darkling
 Daud, to thrash, to abuse
 Daur, to dare, *daurt*, dared
 Daw'd, a large piece
 Dautit or dauted, fondled, caressed
 Dearies, *dimin.* of dears
 Dearthfu', dear
 Deave, to deafen
 Deil-ma-care! no matter! for all that!
 Deleeret, delirious
 Delvin, digging with a spade
 Describe, to describe
 Deservin, deserving
 Devel, a stunning blow
 Dimpl't, dimpled
 Dight, to wipe, to clean corn from chaff; cleaned from chaff
 Ding, to worst, to push
 Digna, do not
 Dirl, a slight tremulous stroke or pain
 Disrespeckit, disrespected
 Dizen, a dozen
 Dizzie, giddy
 Doited, stupidified
 Dolefu', doletul
 Dool, sorrow; *to sing dool*, to lament, to mourn
 Densie, unlucky, poorly
 Dorty, saucy, nice
 Douce, or douse, sober, wise, prudent
 Doucely, soberly, prudently
 Dought, was, *or* were able
 Doule, stout, durable, stubborn, fullen
 Dow, am, *or* are able to, can
 Downa, am *or* are not able, cannot
 Dowie, worn with grief, fatigue, &c.
 Dowff, pithless, wanting force
 Drap, a drop; to drop
 Drapping, dropping
 Dreadfu', dreadful
 Deep, to ooze, to drop
 Dreeping, oozing, dropping
 Drist, a drove
 Dribble, drizzling, flaver
 Drinkin, drinking
 Broddum, the breech
 Droop-rumpl't, that droops at the crupper
 Drouth, thirst, drought
 Drumlie, maddy
 Drunt, pet, sour humour
 Drummock, meal and water mixed raw
 Drunken, drunken
 Dryin, drying
 Dub, a small pond of water
 Dud, rags, clothes
 Duddie, ragged
 Dung, worsted, pushed, driven
 Dush, to push *as a ram*, &c.
 Dush't, push'd by a ram, ox &c.

E

- E**'E, the eye, *een*, the eyes
 Eerie, frightened, *dreading spirits*
 E'ening, evening
 Eild, old age
 Elbuck, the elbow
 Eldritch, ghastly, frightful
 En', end
 ENBRUGH, EDINBURGH
 Eneugh, enough

Enslin, ensuing
 Especial, especially
 Eydent, diligent.

F

FA' fall, lot; to fall
 Fae, a foe
 Fac't, faced
 Faem, foam
 Faddom't, fathomed
 Fairin, a fairing, a present
 Faithfu', faithful
 Fallow, fellow
 Fand, did find
 Farl, a cake of bread
 Fareweel, farewell
 Fash, trouble, care; to trou-
 ble, to care for
 Fash't, troubled
 Fatterels, ribband ends, &c.
 Fasteneen, Fastens-Even
 Fauld, a fold; to fold
 Faulding, folding
 Faut, fault
 Pawfont, decent, seemly
 Feckfu', large, brawny, stout
 Feckless, puny, weak, silly
 Fear't, frightened
 Fearfu', frightful
 Feat, neat, spruce
 Peg, a fig
 Feide, feud, enmity
 Fecht, to fight, *fechtin*, fight-
 ing
 Fell, keen, biting; the flesh
 immediately under the skin;
 a field pretty level on the
 side or top of a hill
 Fend, to live comfortably
 Ferlie or ferly, to wonder; a
 wonder, a term of contempt
 Fetch, to pull by fits
 Fetch't, pulled intermittently

Fidge, to fidget
 Fidgin, fidgeting
 Fier, sound, healthy; a bro-
 ther, a friend
 Fient, fiend, *a petty catb*
 Fisle, to make a rattling noise,
 to fidget; a bustle
 Fit, a foot
 Fittie-lan', the near horse of
 the hindmost pair in the
 plough
 Fizz, to make a hissing noise
 like fermentation
 Flatterin', flattering
 Flainen, flannel
 Fleeish, a fleece
 Fleg, a kick, a random blow
 Flingin-tree, a piece of timber
 hung by way of partition
 between two horses in a
 stable, a stall
 Flecth, to supplicate in a flat-
 tering manner
 Fleechin, supplicating
 Flether, to decoy by fair words
 Fletherin, flattering
 Flitcher, to flutter as young
 nestlings when their dam
 approaches
 Flitcherin, fluttering
 Fley, to scare, to frighten
 Fley'd, frightened, scared
 Flish, to fret at the yoke
 Flishit, fretted
 Flinders, shreds, broken pie-
 ces
 Fl'ter, to vibrate like the
 wings of small birds
 Flittering, fluttering, vibrat-
 ing
 Flunkie, a servant in livery
 Flyin, Flying
 Foamin, foaming
 Foibears, forefathers

Foord, a ford
 Forby, besides
 Forforn, distressed, worn out,
 faded
 Forgather, to meet, to en-
 counter with
 Fergie, to forgive
 Forjesket, jaded with fatigue
 Formin, forming
 Fow, full, drunk
 Fowl, a basket, &c.
 Foughter,, troubled, harassed
 Fra, from
 Frenth, froth
 Frien', friend
 Fud, the foot of the hare, co-
 ney, &c.
 Fuff, to blow intermittently
 Fuff't, did blow
 Fur, a furrow
 Furrn, a form, bench
 Funnie, full of merriment
 Fyteen, fifteen
 Fyke, trifling cares; to pid-
 dle, to be in a fuss about
 trifles
 Fyle, to soil, to dirty
 Fyll', soiled, dirtied

G

GAB, the mouth; to speak
 boldly or pertly
 Gae, to goe, *gaed*, went; *goen*
 or gaen, gone, *gaun*, going
 Gait, or gate, way, manner,
 road
 Gang, to go, to walk
 Gar, to make, to prove to
 Gar't, forced to
 Garten, a gaiter
 Gash, wise, sagacious, talka-
 tive
 Gashin, conversing

Gatherin, gathering
 Caucy, jolly, large
 Gear, riches, goods of any
 kind
 Geck, to toss the head in wan-
 tonness or scorn
 Ged, a pike
 Gentles, great folks
 Geordie, a guinea
 Get, a child, a young one
 Ghast, a ghost
 Gie, to give, *gied*, gave, *gi'n*
 given
 Gillic, *dimin.* of gill
 Gimmer, a eve, from one to
 two year's old
 Gin, if, against
 Ginkie, *dimin.* of gift
 Golly, a young girl
 Ginn, to gain, to twist the fea-
 tures in rage, agony, &c.
 Gizz, a peewig
 Gib-gabbet, that speaks
 smoothly and readily
 Gley, a squint; to squint,
Aghy, off at a side-wing
 Glazie, glittering smooth like
 glass
 Glakit, inattentive, foolish
 Gleg, sharp, ready
 Ghint, to peep, *glinted*, peep-
 ed, *glintin*, peeping
 Gloamin, the twilight
 Glow'r, to stare, to look; a
 stare, a look
 Glow'r'd, looked, stared
 Glow in, staring
 Glunch, a frown; to frown
 Gowd, gold
 Gowan, the flower of the daisy,
 dandelion, hawkweed, &c.
 Gowff the game of golf; to
 strike, *as the bat does the ball*
 at golf
 Cowff'd, struck

- Gowk, a cuckoo, a term of contempt
 Gowl, to howl
 Gwiling, howling
 Gracefu', graceful
 Grane or grain, a groan, to groan
 Grain'd, groaned
 Graining, groaning
 Graith, accoutrements, dress, furniture
 Grape, to grope, *grapit*, groped
 Graip, a pronged instrument for cleaning stables
 Graunie, a grandmother
 Great, intimate, familiar
 Graettu', grateful
 Gree, to agree, *to hear the gree*, to be decidedly victor
 Gree't, agreed
 Gree't, to shed tears, to weep
 Greetin, crying, weeping
 Grievin, grieving
 Grippet, caught, seized
 Grissle, gristle
 Groat, *to get the whistle of one's groat*, to play a losing game
 Grozet, a gooseberry
 Groufome, loathelomely, grim
 Grumphie, a fow
 Grumph, a grunt; to grunt
 Grun', ground at the mill
 Gruntane, a grindstone
 Grushie, thick of growth
 Gruntle, the phizz, a grunting noise
 Gude, the SUPREME BEING, good
 Guid, good, *guid-mornin*, good morrow, *guid-eeen*, good evening
 Guidman, and *Guidwife*, the master and mistress of the house. *Young guidman*, a man newly married
 Guidfather, Guidmithe, father-in-law and mother-in-law
 Gully, or Gullie, a large knife
 Gumlie, muddy
 Gustie, tasteful.

H

- H**A', hall
 Ha'-Eible, the great bible that lies in the hall
 Hae, to have
 Haen, had, *the participle*
 Haet, *fiat haet*, a petty oath of negation, nothing
 Hasset, the temple, the side of the head
 Hassins, nearly half, partly
 Haggis, a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep
 Hag, a fear or gulph in moor or moors
 Haith, a petty oath
 Hain to spare, to save, *hain'd* spared
 Hairst, Harvest
 Hal', or bald, an abiding place
 Hale, whole, tight, healthy
 Hallan, a particular partition-wall in a cottage
 Hame. home, *hameward*, homeward
 Hamely, homely, affable
 Han' or haun, hand
 Hap, an outer garment, plaid, mantle, &c. to wrap, to cover

- Hap-step-an'-lowp, hop, skip, and leap
 Hopping, hopping
 Happer, a hopper
 Harkit, hearkened
 Haskit, hastened
 Hash, a sot
 Haud, to hold
 Haughs, low-lying rich lands, valleys
 Haurt, to drag, to peel
 Haurlin, peeling
 Haverel, a half-witted person
 Havens, good manners, decorum, good sense
 Hawkie, a cow, properly one with a white face
 Heafe, hearse
 Heather, heath
 Heapit, heaped
 Healsome, healthful, wholesome
 Hear't, hear it
 Hech! Oh! Strange!
 Hecht, to foretell something that is to be got or given
 Heeze, to elevate to raise
 Hellim, the rudder or helm
 Herd, one who tends flocks
 Herrin, herring
 Herry, to plunder, most properly to plunder bird's nests
 Herryment, plundering, devastation
 Herfel, herself
 Het, hot
 Heugh, a craig, a coalpit
 Himfel, himself
 Hing, to hang
 Hilch, to hubble, to halt
 Hiltchin, halting
 Himpl, to walk crazily, to creep, *lirplin*, creeping
 Hissel, so many cattle as one person can attend
 Hittie, dry, chapt, barren
 Hitch, a loop, a knot
 Hoddin, the motion of a sage countryman riding on a cart-horse
 Hog-score, a kind of distance line, in curling, drawn across the *rink*
 Hog-slouther, a kind of horse-play, by juggling with shoulder; to juggle
 Hood, outer skin or case
 Hoolie, slowly, leisurely
 Hoord, a hoard, to hoard
 Hoorder, hoarder
 Horn, a spoon made of horn
 Hornie, one of the many names of the Devil
 Host, or heart, to cough; *heasting*, coughing
 Hove, to heave, to swell
 Hov'd, heaved, swelled
 Houghmagandie, fornication
 Howe, hollow, a hollow or dell
 How-back't, sunk in the back, *spoken of a horse*, &c.
 Howdie, a midwife
 Howk, to dig, *howkit*, digged, *howkin*, digging
 House, *dimin.* of house
 Hoy, to urge, *Hoyt*, urged
 Hoyse, a pull upwards
 Hoyte, to amble crazily
 Hundies, the loins, the crupper
 Hughoc, *dimin.* of Hugh

I

I, in
Ier-oe, a great grand child

Icker, an ear of corn
Ik, or ilka, each, every
Ill-willie, ill-natured, malicious, niggardly
Indentin, indenting
Ingle, fire, fireplace
Ingine, genius, ingenuity
I'te, I shall or will
Ither, other, one another.

J

JAD, jade; also a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl
Jauk, to dally, to trifle
Jaukin, trifling, dallying
Jaup, a jerk of water; to jerk as agitated water
Jaw, coarseness; to pour out, to spurt, to jerk, *as water*
Jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl
Jimp, to jump; slender in the waist, handsome
Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner, a sudden turning a corner
Jinkin, dodging
Jinker, that turns quickly, a gay sprightly girl, a wag
Jinglin, jingling
Jint, a jerk
Joeteleg, a kind of knife
Jokin, joking

Jouk, to stoop, to bow the head

Jow, *to jow*, a verb which includes both the swinging motion and pleasing sound of a large bell

Joyfu', joyful
Jandie, to juggle
Jumpit, did jump
Jumpin, jumping.

K

KAE, a daw
Kail, coleworts, a kind or broth

Kailrunt, the stem of the colewort

Kain, fowls, &c. paid as rent by a farmer

Kebbuck, a cheese

Keek, a peep, to peep

Keepit, kept

Kelpies, a sort of mischievous spirit, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in storms

Ken, to know, *kend, ken'i, knew*

Kennin, a small matter

Ket, a matted hairy fleece of wool

Kilt, to truss up the cloaths

Kin, kind, kindred

King's hood, a certain part of the entrails of an ox, &c.

Kimmer, a young girl, a gossip

Kirn, the harvest supper, as churn to churn

Kitchen, any thing that eats with bread; to serve for soup, gravy, &c.

Kittle, to tickle, ticklish,
likely

Kittlin, a young cat

Kiutle, to cuddle

Kiutlin, cuddling

Kiaugh, carking anxiety

Kirien, to christen

Kist, chest, a shop-counter

Knaggie, like *knags* or points
of rocks

Knappin-hammer, a ham-
mer for breaking stones

Knowe, a small round hil-
lock

Kye, cows

Kythe, to discover, to snew
one's self

KYLE, a district of Ayrshire

Kyte, the belly

L

LADDIE, *dimin.* of lad
Laggen, the angle be-
tween the side and bottom
of a wooden dish

Lazh, low

Laith, loath

Laithfu', bashful, sheepish

Lairing, wading and sinking
in snow, mud, &c.

Lallan; Lowland; *Lallans*,
Scotch dialect

Lambie, *dimin.* of lamb

Lampit, a kind of shell-fish

Lan', land, estate

Lane, lone, *my lane, thy
lane*, &c. myself alone,
&c. thyself alone, &c.

Lanely, lonely

Lang, long, *to think lang*,
to long, to weary

Lap, did leap

Lapfu', lapful

Lave, the rest, the remain-
der, the others

Laverock, the lark

Laughin, laughing

Lawfu', lawful

Leal, loyal, true, faithful

Lea'e, to leave

Lear, *pronounce* late, learn-
ing

Lee-lang, live-long

Leeze-me, a phrase of con-
gratulatory endearment

Leitler, a three-pronged dart
for striking fish

Leugh, did laugh

Leuk, a look, to look

Lighly, sneeringly, to sneer at

Limmer, a kept mistress, a
strumpet

Limpit, limp'd, hobbled

Lilt, the sky,

Lilt, a ballad, a tune; to sing

Link, to trip along

Linkin, tripping

Linn, a water-fall

Lint, flax, *lint in the bell*, flax
in flower

Lintwhite, a linnet

Livin, living

Loan, the place of milking

Loof, the palm of the hand

Looves, *plural of loof*

Lowe, a flame; to flame

Lowin, flaming

Lowse, to loose

Lows'd, loosed

Loot, did let

Loun, a fellow, a ragamuffin,
a woman of easy virtue

Lowrie, *abbreviations* of Law-
rence

Lug, the ear, a handle

Lunt, a column of smoke; to
smoke
Luntin, smoking
Lunch, a large piece of cheese,
flesh, &c.
Lum, the chimney
Lyart, of a mixed colour,
grey

Messin, a small d
Middin, a dur
Middin-hole
bottom
Mim,
Minc
Mi
M

M

MAE. 8

e, to tickling, nothing
 likely
 Kittlin, a young cat
 Kittle, to cuddle
 Kintlin, cuddling
 Kiangh, carking anxiety
 Kirien, to christen
 Kist, chest, a shop-counter
 Knaggie, like *knags* or points
 of rocks
 Knappin-hammer, a ham-
 mer for breaking stones
 Knowe, a small round hil-
 lock
 Kye, cows
 Kytke, to discover, to snew
 one's self
 KYLE, a dialect of Ayrshire
 Kyte, the belly

L

L ADDIE, *dimin.* of lad
 Laggen, the angle be-
 tween the side and bottom
 of a wooden dish
 Leigh, low
 Laith, loath
 Laithfu', bashful, sheepish
 Lairing, wading and sinking
 in snow, mud, &c.
 Lallan; Lowland; *Lallans*,
 Scotch dialect
 Lambie, *dimin.* of lamb
 Lampit, a kind of shell-fish
 Lan', land, estate
 Lane, lone, *my lane, thy*
lane, &c. myself alone,
 &c. thyself alone, &c.
 Lanely, lonely
 Lang, long, *to think lang*,
 to long, to weary
 Lap, did leap

Pang, to cram
 Parritch, oatmeal pudding, a
 well known Scotch dish
 Parliamentin, at parliament
 Pat, did put; a pot
 Pattle or pettle, a plough-
 staff
 Paukie, cunning, fly
 Paughty, proud, haughty
 Pay't, paid, beat
 ch, to fetch the breath short
 Lee-*ch*, *as asthma*
 Leeze-me, a *ph*, the flo-
 gratulatory endearment
 Leister, a three-pronged dart
 for striking fish
 Leugh, did laugh
 Leuk, a look, to look
 Lightly, sneeringly, to sneer at
 Limmer, a kept mistress, a
 strumpet
 Limpit, limp'd, hobbled
 Lift, the sky,
 Lilt, a ballad, a tune; to sing
 Link, to trip along
 Linkin, tripping
 Linn, a water-fall
 Lint, flax, *lint in the bell*, flax
 in flower
 Lintwhite, a linnet
 Livin, living
 Loan, the place of milking
 Loof, the palm of the hand
 Looves, *plural of loof*
 Lowe, a flame; to flame
 Lowin, flaming
 Lowse, to loose
 Lows'd, loosed
 Loot, did let
 Loun, a fellow, a ragamuffin,
 a woman of easy virtue
 Lowrie, *abbreviations* of Law-
 rence
 Lug, the ear, a handle



